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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1901

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FRANK A. LEVENUEKER

*Fiction Number*



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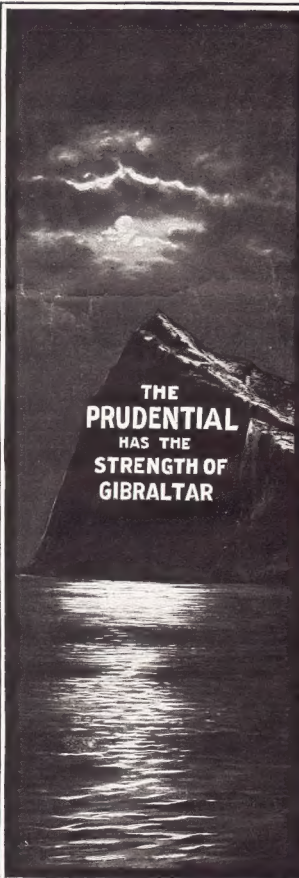
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# COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
*Fiction Number*

VOL. TWENTY-EIGHT NO. 12

NEW YORK DECEMBER 21 1901

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DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

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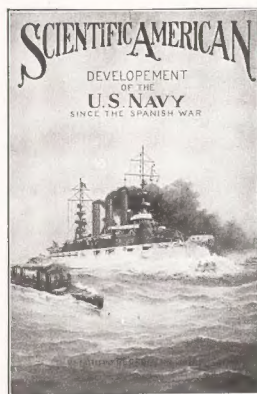
Has attracted such wide attention that in order to satisfy the demand for it a limited number of proofs have been printed on coated paper, and these, so long as the supply lasts, will be sent to any address on receipt of Fifty Cents.

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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY



P. F. COLLIER & SON : PUBLISHERS : Editorial and General Offices 521-547 W. 13th St. 518-524 W. 14th St. NEW YORK

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT  
NUMBER TWELVE

NEW YORK : DECEMBER 21, 1901

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**MR. CROKER APPEARS TO RETAIN SOME OF HIS** old importance in the eyes of the newspaper editors, and every week or two he is asked to discuss politics, which he invariably does with an agreeable candor and a truly amazing lack of appreciation of the moral of his defeat in November. One of his late utterances makes public his determination to retire from the leadership of Tammany Hall. He is too old, he says, for the work and his health demands that he shall seek the softer climate of Berkshire every year. One of his statements, that he never was elected leader of Tammany, is quite true. At a time after John Kelly's death when control of the organization was, share and share alike, in the hands of a small coterie of politicians, he was selected to "dispense patronage," principally because he was quiet and unostentatious and apparently subservient to the will of his colleagues. They were amazed when one day he appeared at a caucus with a written list of the candidates to be named by the convention on the following day. When they tried to break the slate they found that the quiet, unostentatious, subservient man had managed to get all the machinery of the organization in his hands. Thereafter he continued to be an almost absolute dictator, and gradually either drove his old colleagues out of the party or attached them to himself in a position of servitude. All of which is another proof of the political theory that leaders are born, not made. Fortunately, however, they can be unmade, and Croker is not likely to remain long a figure of prominence even in the newspapers.

**IF THE PUBLIC COULD EVER GROW TIRED OF** a good thing, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's benefactions would become monotonous. It has been announced that he will add ten million dollars to the enormous sum he has bestowed on educational and charitable institutions this year. The money is to be used in furthering university extension work in this country and the plans were laid after a consultation with President Roosevelt. We have been asked to estimate how much of his fortune the great ironmaster has given away, but definite answer is impossible. His larger expenditures are pretty well known, but scores of little towns throughout the country have been benefited by his munificent foundations for free libraries. We should say that he was now far ahead of any philanthropist we have ever heard of in the amount of money he has given away. It will be interesting to see how long he can keep it up. Apparently the bottom of that wonderful sack is not yet in sight and some people are disposed to believe that Mr. Carnegie can't give away with one hand as much as he takes in with the other. But he has promised to spend his fortune in his lifetime, and his countrymen will expect him to keep his word if he has to work nights and Sundays and holidays. We should make a guess that giving away a fortune of this size wisely is almost as hard as making it.

**THE NEWSPAPERS OBSERVE THAT CONGRESS** has attacked its work with great vigor and earnestness, but these are qualities that always mark the opening of a session. The usual number of bills for public good and private advantage have been presented. The Nicaragua Canal Treaty has been the most prominent subject of discussion in the Senate, but a good deal of attention has been bestowed on the suppression of anarchy. The suggestions offered thus far have not been strikingly original. The question is not as simple as some of the members of Congress seem to think. A good many of us are inclined to agree with Senator Hoar, who looks cynically on the attempts to destroy international anarchy by processes that would be a good deal like burning down a crowded tenement-house because it happened to conceal a fugitive from justice. So with the big question of national control of irrigation, reciprocity treaties and restriction of immigration. Something besides a sturdy prejudice and a pot of ink are needed to draw up bills covering these matters that will not do quite as much injury as good. But Congress, with all its first appearances of fear and impatience, is usually slow to take irrevocable action. All of the things desired will be done or they will not, and the country will survive although the surplus will perish.

**THE NICARAGUA TREATY WAS GIVEN TO THE** Senate on December 5. It is practically along the lines predicted in these columns, except that no specific mention

is made of the right of the United States to fortify the canal. This government is at liberty to maintain military police along the line. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is superseded, and the United States is empowered to build the canal in any manner it chooses and retains the right to regulate and manage the canal. The canal will be free and open to vessels of commerce and war of all nations. It cannot be blockaded and no right of war can be exercised in it. Belligerents cannot embark or disembark troops or munitions of war in the canal, and war vessels of a belligerent power cannot remain in the adjacent waters within three miles of the ends of the canal for longer than twenty-four hours at one time. The rules are similar to those in force in the Suez Canal. The treaty is not as radical as many members of Congress expected it to be, but it has been generally well received in Washington and throughout the country. It gives less satisfaction in Great Britain.

**THE REMARKS IN THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON** the necessity for a law compelling publicity in relation to the affairs of trusts received immediate confirmation through the action of the Amalgamated Copper Co. The shares of this corporation, which is controlled by William Rockefeller, Mr. Rogers, and other members of the Standard Oil Syndicate, have lost fifty per cent of their market value in a few months. The shareholders whose property has been thus destroyed have not been permitted to know the reason for the fall. The directors of the company made no public statement, and it is more than suspected that some of them took advantage of their "advance information" to carry on a Wall Street campaign ruinous to innocent and non-speculative holders. The widow, the orphan, whose interests always plead for protection when attacks on trusts are planned in Congress, found no mercy at the hands of their fellow-stockholders in Amalgamated Copper. They might well pray to be protected from their friends. As it is, the Rockefeller people, whose name is synonymous with trusts, have done more than the President could do in emphasizing the need of government supervision of these monstrous enterprises. One hundred million dollars is said to be the loss inflicted by the operations of this coterie!

**THE IMPRESSION SEEMS TO PREVAIL AMONG THE** home missionaries that a revival of the practice of polygamy is going on in Utah. The other day a large meeting of clergymen in Washington petitioned for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting polygamy. In the West, among laymen at all events, the opinion is that the growth in education and the increase of social relations between the Mormons and their neighbors will do more than the laws to abolish the evil. Public opinion everywhere is so intensely opposed to the practice that it cannot fail to make its influence felt on the younger generation of Mormons. A practice that makes a man a social outcast and a criminal in every State of the Union is not likely to last long. It was different when Utah was a remote and isolated community. But now the sons and daughters of the old Mormons mingle with the world and develop a wholesome distaste for the institution.

**THE GOSPEL OF HUMILITY HAS BEEN PREACHED** so incessantly of late in Great Britain that it has affected even royalty. The sailor Prince of Wales, a young man whom no one suspected before of great interest in his country's trade, took occasion the other day to lecture British merchants and manufacturers on the necessity of bracing up for new conditions, and his hearers seemed to like the lecture. An English public speaker, especially if he happens to be a royal personage or a nobleman who wouldn't know a steam drill from a bill of lading, who does not reproach English business men for their lack of enterprise and point with sorrow to the development of the United States is looked upon as a weak adviser, but perhaps some of the lordly monitors of trade and commerce will be a little sorry they gave the advice when they find the clumsy English railway systems and the old-fashioned English steel mills in which their fathers invested their fortunes attacked by a wave of reform. They can't expect to make over their business institutions and pay dividends at the same time unless they are cleverer than we think they are, and as clever as they think we are.

**THE GENIAL EFFECTS OF THE RECENT PAN-** American Congress at the City of Mexico have not manifested themselves in the governments of our truculent little neighbors. Argentina and Chile have had a long dispute over territory, but apparently they had agreed to keep the peace, part of the compact being that neither country should increase its armament. But Chile, which is so poor that it ought to be able to resist warlike luxuries, has bought two torpedo boats, and now Argentina, not to be outdone in the spirit of combativeness, proposes to buy a battleship. We shall not attempt to keep an accurate record of this quarrel for the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. We confess to a feeling of hopeless perplexity in the presence of South American political complications. As for following the course of their wars, we find it is beyond the stoutest zeal. A man who wanted a reputation for such things might, without any possible danger of financial depletion, safely offer a large prize for any one who could tell what the trouble between Colombia and Venezuela is, who is attacking whom, and how the war, revolution or riot has progressed thus far. Nobody knows, but apparently nobody cares.

**HOW FAR IS A NEWSPAPER JUSTIFIED IN COM-** menting on the decisions of a court of justice? There seems to be a good deal of difference of opinion among jurists on the point. In England, adverse comment is held to be almost indefensible, and on our side of the water a generally wholesome public opinion has restrained the press from more than passing respectful discussion of judicial decisions. The other day in Chicago the editor of a lively newspaper was sent to jail by a judge for a harsh criticism of a decision in an important case, but another judge released him with a writ of habeas corpus. The court took the ground that the language upon which comment was made amounted to a final order in the case and that, while a newspaper would be guilty of contempt of court if it attempted to prejudice or coerce the judge while a case was in process of adjudication, it was at liberty to deal with a decision once rendered as though it were the act of any public man. If the judge felt offended he would have the same remedy in civil and criminal proceedings as lies in the control of any citizen. The interpretation of the law of contempt as it is found in Illinois seems to be sound, but we should say the doctrine is one that might be very easily run into the ground. If the court is entitled to protection while it is judging a particular case, why should it not be guarded against an extremely dangerous form of threat that a lawless newspaper could hang over its future conduct? Such a paper, if unpunished for libelous and unjust strictures, could serve warning on the bench that if the wishes of its proprietor were not regarded the offending judge might "know what to expect." Doesn't this constitute intimidation? The line is very slightly marked. The theory of our government is opposed to removing the judiciary too far from the brakes of popular disapproval, but the best sense of the public is in favor of hedging our courts of justice in with more respect and deference than we exercise toward the legislative and executive branches of the government. A judge should be responsible to the people, but "the people" doesn't mean necessarily a capricious or thoughtless or perhaps self-seeking publisher of a newspaper.

**THE STORIES WE HAVE OF LIFE AT THE COURT** of Holland are not very edifying. The old King of Holland was a disreputable old fellow, but current gossip credits the young Prince Consort with conduct that the aforesaid old gentleman would have held in contempt. He is said to have imported to The Hague the worst habits of the young Prussian fashionable cavalry officer, to spend his nights in riotous living, and, worst offence of all, to treat "the little Queen" with excessive brutality. The various correspondents even go so far as to assert that he killed in a duel—some say by the more democratic method of a kick in the stomach—a member of the Queen's bodyguard who protested against his course. Some allowance may be made for the aggravation of the faults in the fierce white light that beats around the throne, or even the footstool, but enough is known to convince the thrifty Dutchmen that they made a poor investment when they bought this young person as a husband for their willful young Queen. Homage to imported royalty is only skin deep among these sturdy folk, and the burghers do not hesitate to hiss the culprit when he takes the air.





CANAL COMMISSION OFFICIALS ON WHARF  
AT GREYTOWN



BANANA STATION ON THE RAILROAD LINE  
IN COSTA RICA



SILICO LAKE RAILROAD, SIX MILES LONG,  
USED IN DRY SEASON



INTERIOR OF THE OLD FORT AT CASTILLO,  
NOW A LODGING-HOUSE



GROUP OF CANAL ENGINEERS ON THE  
SAN JUAN



GROUP OF PASSENGERS ON RIVER STEAMBOAT, NICARAGUA CANAL



TRANSFERRING CARGO ON THE  
SAN JUAN



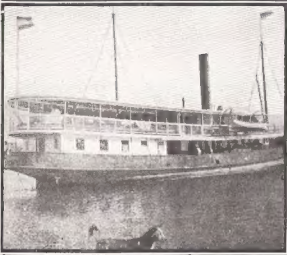
ATLAS LINE STEAMSHIP TAKING IN CARGO  
FOUR MILES OFF GREYTOWN



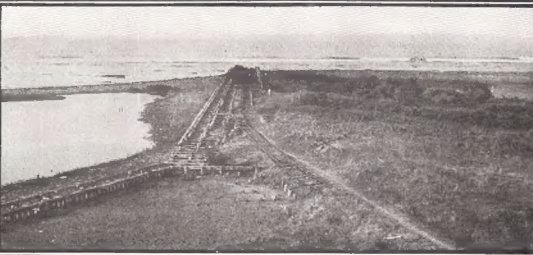
THE POST-OFFICE, GREYTOWN, AND SOME LOCAL RESIDENTS



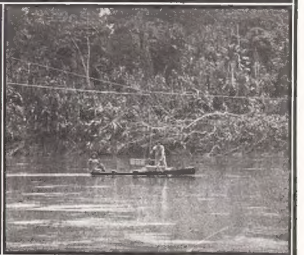
EMPLOYEES ON THE CANAL, OFFICERS AND  
ENGINEERS



THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION LEAVING  
SAN CARLOS TO CROSS LAKE NICARAGUA



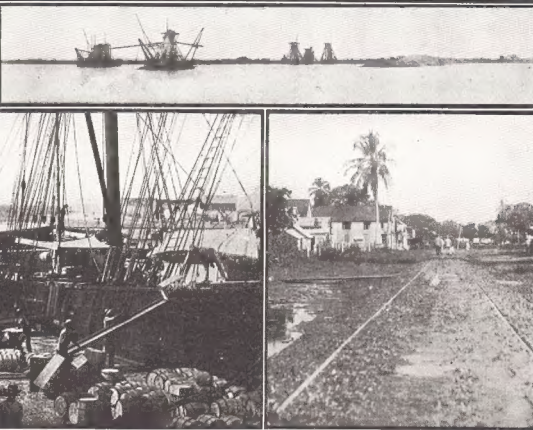
ARTIFICIAL HARBOR BUILT AT GREYTOWN BY MARITIME CANAL COMPANY  
NOW FILLED UP BY SAND



ENGINEERS AT WORK ON CANAL AT RIO SARA-  
PIQUA, COSTA RICA



UNLOADING SUPPLIES FROM TRANSPORTS AND MERCHANT SHIPS AT NICARAGUA

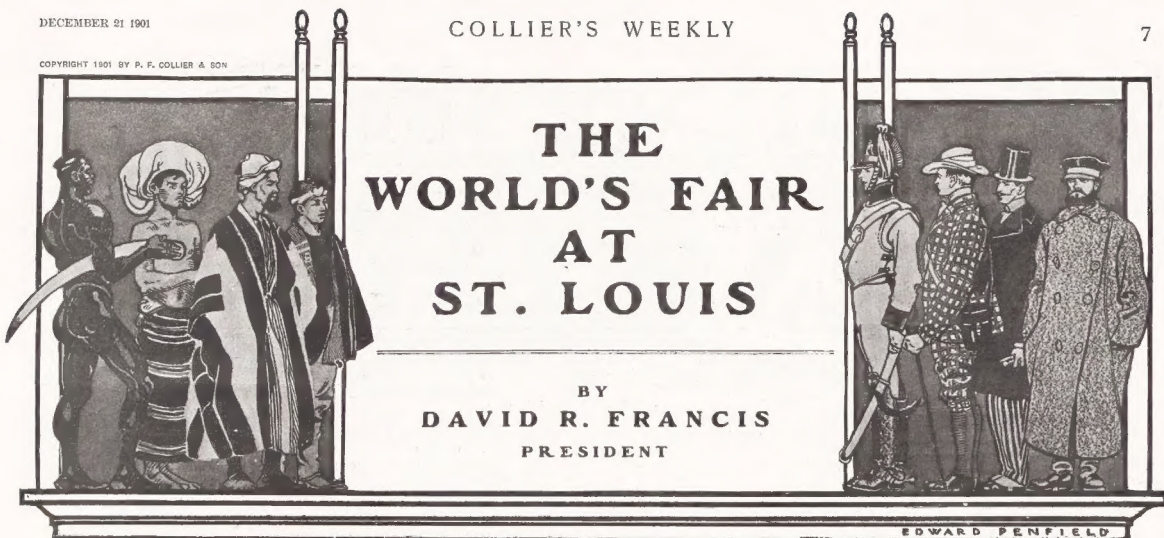


THE MAIN STREET AND TYPICAL RESIDENCES OF THE SEAPORT, GREYTOWN

# THE COUNTRY OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL



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PROCLAMATION HAS BEEN ISSUED BY GOVERNORS AND MAYORS DECLARING DECEMBER TWENTIETH TO BE "LOUISIANA PURCHASE FLAG DAY" AND A LEGAL HOLIDAY, ON WHICH DATE THE WORLD'S FAIR AND LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION WILL BE INAUGURATED BY THE BREAKING OF GROUND IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLAGE EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER IN ST. LOUIS

**WE** ARE AN Exposition people. At Philadelphia in 1876 there were more than 8,000,000 paid admissions. At Chicago in 1893 there were more than 20,000,000. Our plans for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition are based upon the expectation that the paid admissions will exceed 30,000,000.

The proposition that the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase should take the form of a World's Fair was formally declared by a delegate convention representing every State and Territory in the Purchase. That convention, at the conclusion of sessions occupying two days, decided that nothing other than an International Exposition would properly celebrate this centennial. It declared that an International Exposition should be held to portray the progress of the territory which Thomas Jefferson purchased, and the advance made by civilized countries during the one hundred years. It decided that the proper location for such an exposition was the largest city in the Purchase, the most accessible city—the city of St. Louis. It decided that there should be \$15,000,000 in hand before one step was taken in the physical preparation for this Exposition. It apportioned the contribution of that amount in three equal parts—to the Federal Government, to the city of St. Louis, and to individual subscribers. The requirements were fulfilled. With the passage of the Act of Congress on the 2d of March last, the fund of \$15,000,000 was completed.

#### PLENTY OF MONEY IN SIGHT

The city voted first through Constitutional amendments, and then, through ordinance, the bonds. The people of St. Louis raised by subscription the \$5,000,000 allotted. The government redeemed its pledge made at a former session of Congress by an appropriation of \$5,000,000. Thus the beginning, in this physical sense, was made with financial guarantees having no precedent in exposition movements.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition entered upon the period of actual preparation with finances assured. Under such conditions progress has been rapid. This company was organized under the State laws on the 2d of May. It has passed through the difficult stages of administrative organization, of site selection and of architectural suggestion. Perhaps no one act better illustrates the unanimity of enthusiasm and zeal in the community for the World's Fair than the tender by the city government of one-half of Forest Park, the second largest park in the country, as part of the site for the Fair. Forest Park lies in the western suburbs of the city, about midway between the northern and southern extremities. It contains nearly 1,400 acres. In this park the people of St. Louis feel intense pride. The western half of it was tendered by the city, and after an exhaustive inquiry, was found to be ideal in every respect for a World's Fair site. With the 608 acres thus donated by the city will be embraced contiguous territory to make a site of about 1,000 acres. The tract is diversified in elevation, and much of it is heavily wooded. Since the decision of the company (which was promptly approved by the National Commission) to utilize Forest Park and adjoining territory, the city has been visited by many experts in exposition work, by architects and by landscape gardeners from all parts of the country. The location has been commended most favorably by all who have seen it.

The Commission of Architects, composed of the leading firms in the profession from the various sections of the country, has adapted its plans to the topography of the site, so that a picture entirely original and novel in exposition architecture will be presented. From the Art Palace, as a centre, its peristyle looking down upon terraces and cascades, broad avenues and lagoons radiate like the ribs of a fan. Upon these avenues will be located the main buildings.

Six months after the organization of the company—nine after the Act of Congress formally ratified this proposition for a World's Fair—the site has been selected, the plans have been drawn, and the general physical scheme has been adopted by the Board of Directors and the National Commission. Such progress guarantees the promise that St. Louis will be ready.

The organization of the administrative force has been developed upon original lines. Instead of a director-general, this Exposition has four grand divisions, co-ordinate in authority and responsible directly to the executive head. A Director of Works supervises and manages construction and maintenance; a Director of Exhibits controls the Departments of Exhibits; a Director of Exploitation conducts the work of promotion and publicity at home and abroad; a Director of Admissions and Concessions will be, in a certain sense, the business manager of the great enterprise. Thus far all of these departures made from exposition experience promise to work out satisfactory results.

#### THE GREATEST INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

This Exposition we promise to make international in character in the broadest sense of the word. We now have reason to believe that it will be participated in by every State and Territory in the Union, by all of the islands which have recently come into the possession of the United States, and by every civilized country on the globe. As the financial requirements have been met in every particular, so we are confident that the design of the Exposition, as outlined by the Convention of the Louisiana States and Territories, will be carried out faithfully—that it will portray not only the development of the Louisiana Territory from the date of the purchase, but the advancement of civilization from the beginning of all time.

Will it pay? That is a question which, in the financial sense, is not asked by the people who have subscribed, by the city of St. Louis which has given, by the government which has contributed its countenance and indorsement to the Exposition. In the expectation of benefits more satisfying and compensating than financial, there is not felt the shadow of a doubt. It is history that the Centennial Exposition gave a great impetus to industrial activity on the Atlantic Slope. I believe that we are realizing now benefits derived from the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The exports of our manufactured goods have increased many fold during the past eight years. While that Exposition came during a period of depression, I am satisfied that it had a great deal to do with the recent rapid development of manufacturing in the United States. The crops of Roumania and Switzerland are garnered by American agricultural implements. Trains are drawn in Russia by American locomotives. Throughout the world, wherever skill and science are required to subordi-

nate nature to the struggle of man, American genius and American ingenuity are being applied.

At the Paris Exposition there were 6,000 American exhibitors—more than from any two other nations outside of France. We are an exposition people; we know the value of expositions; we realize at the present day more than we ever did that, in the language of our late President, "expositions are the timekeepers of progress." However much the national or the State governments may have spent upon expositions, I believe they have been repaid again and again in the progress and general prosperity of the country.

I am aware of the fact that there are those who think the country has had a surfeit of expositions and that another should not be attempted. In my judgment there was never a time in the history of the world when the inventive genius of man demanded such an opportunity for its demonstration as at this time. We learn by experience. As every year and every decade of the century which has closed surpassed the one just preceding it, so will this Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1903 surpass all of its predecessors. The World's Columbian Exposition was a revelation to the world. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1903 will be another and a greater revelation.

#### WORLD'S PROGRESS TO BE ILLUSTRATED

Who would have prophesied during the Chicago Exposition that by this time wireless telegraphy would be in practical use, and that a vessel many miles at sea could be freely communicated with? Who would have believed in the time of the Chicago Exposition that a successful flying machine within five years, and by an inventive genius of Brazil, would be shown to an admiring public? Who will question that in 1903 more than one successful flying machine will be exhibited in St. Louis?

It is not the material only that we propose to exhibit to the world in 1903. It is not the material that is of highest consideration. We shall have with us the distinguished of all nations and of all climes. We shall have congresses in which the ablest representatives of professions, of creeds and of sciences will participate. We shall have congresses philosophical, moral, political, social. It will be the opportunity of a lifetime for thousands to come in contact with the brightest minds in all realms of thought.

The classification of departments for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is headed by Education. Following that division is Art. Science has made great advances since the World's Columbian Exposition. If new forces have not been discovered, those but partially known have found new application. New trends of thought seem to have taken hold of the public mind. The sentiment of civilization has been imbued with a less selfish and a better humanity. We believe that 1903 will be none too soon for a World's Fair which will demonstrate the advancement in thought as well as in mechanism.

It goes without saying that whatever promotes education and the diffusion of knowledge is beneficial. This exposition will have for its highest aim advancement in the educational sense. It will promote love of Art. It will seek to elevate humanity. In so far as it accomplishes that will be the measure of its success.

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# SHALL WE SUBSIDIZE

## "YES"



## By Senator HANNA

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EVERY ONE knows that I am in favor of any measure that will build up our merchant marine and restore the American flag to the ocean. I am not particular about the means by which this shall be done, but I want it done. I want action, results. While I believe the bill which Senator Frye has recently introduced is the best bill that can be framed, I am willing to see wherein it can be improved and to favor the best that can be found. But I do not want to go on forever discussing and devising—I want legislation that will put our flag back upon the high seas.

### THIRTY YEARS OF LAKE AND OCEAN TRAFFIC

My interest in this question arose primarily from my association with the maritime interests of the Great Lakes. In my short business career I have seen the lake-carrying trade develop from almost nothing to a business of unparalleled magnitude. Thirty years ago the largest vessel on the lakes carrying coarse freight could take a cargo of only 600 tons of iron ore. That was considered a great cargo. Now we have ships that will take ten times as much ore, or 6,000 tons. As the tonnage of ships has grown, so has the number of ships, till the volume of freight upon the lakes has become one of the wonders of the world. There has been a corresponding reduction of rates. Thirty years ago it cost from \$3 to \$3.50 to carry a ton of ore from Lake Superior to Lake Erie ports. To-day the average rate is from 60 cents to \$1. When I looked into the causes of this wonderful development I found, first, the energy and business ability of our people. I found next that the lake-carrying trade was protected by wise laws. This great industry was developed so rapidly because the United States Government gave it direct aid in its infancy; because our navigation laws prevented other than American vessels trading between American ports.

From the lakes I naturally looked out to the ocean. I wondered why the American flag and virtually disappeared from the high seas. Surely it was not because we lack business ability. It is not because we are not good sailors; it is not because we do not know how to build ships. Looking for the causes of this deplorable decline of American shipping, I found them in three facts:

1. The Civil War drove our ships from the ocean; forty years ago our tonnage was three times as great as it is to-day; foreign shipowners seized the advantage which the war gave them, and by competition and subsidies from their governments have since striven to prevent America from re-entering the lists as a formidable competitor.

2. Nevertheless we should have been able to re-enter the field and regain what we had lost had it not been for the higher wages which we pay our workmen in this country, the higher wages making it impossible for us to build ships as cheaply as foreigners are able to build them.

3. Again, we could not operate ships as cheaply as foreigners, for the same reason—we pay our officers and sailors better wages and feed them better. Wages are from 30 to 60 per cent higher on American ships than on their competitors under other flags.

Thus I learned that the shipping industry had sunk into decadence because it did not have protection for American labor. We had such protection on the Great Lakes in the navigation laws; and lake shipping thrived mightily, giving employment to capital and labor. We had no protection on the high seas, and there our industry flagged and all but disappeared.

### PROTECTION TO LABOR

If I understand the system of protection which the American people believe in and persist in upholding, it is primarily a system of protection to labor. We want our labor to be well paid. We will not have it subjected to competition on even terms with the poorer paid labor of Europe, because that would inevitably drag our labor down to the low level of that foreign labor. It is the chief glory of civilization in our country to-day that we have the best-paid, the most intelligent, the best-living labor in the world. That is what the protection system has done for us. It has declared that it will give opportunities to capital to engage in industries which pay high wages and still make a profit. We do this less because we are concerned about the employment and rewards of capital, but are more concerned about the employment and reward of labor, and because we know that in lines in which yield no profit capital will not invest and labor can find no employment. That is the essence of the protection system. And that is all we want to apply to the ocean shipping industry. We want that industry to be in part in the hands of American capital, employing American labor at high wages. Therefore we ask protection. We think this business as much entitled to protection as any other business in our country. We think it important to the United States in every way, commercially, politically, strategically, from the standpoint of labor and the viewpoint of capital, that protection be extended to it. This is the shipping question in a nutshell.

Considered first from the economic standpoint, no other navy

tion has as great an interest in the ocean as we have. We supply more freight than any other nation. We are the greatest exporting people. We lead our nearest rival slightly in value of exports; we lead tremendously in tonnage, because such a large part of our exports are heavy freights. Conditions are such that every man who sits down and thinks perceives that the greatest problem before American statesmanship is continued labor for our army of workmen and continued high wages as a reward for their services. Compared with this problem all other problems sink into insignificance. Solve this problem and the solution of all other problems, economic or political, will be easy. Half a million people are coming to our shores every year to find employment. They want the high wages which prevail here, but if the supply of labor at any time greatly exceeds the demand they must become bidders for employment at lower wage. At the same time, labor-saving machinery and the economies of the commercial combinations and organizations of the times are tending to increase production with smaller employment of labor. How, then, are we to keep all this labor going without reducing the wage? We can only do it by extending the system of protection to every industry which promises employment at good wages. Already we are producing more than we can consume. The disparity between our productive capacity and our consumption must necessarily grow wider. The problem, therefore, is how to keep our labor employed, and how to hold and build up our foreign markets. We must not only hold the foreign market which we now have, but we must broaden it. If we do not we must reduce our production, and reduced production means more throw-out of employment, to become bidders against the wages of those who are still employed.

### A COMMERCIAL WAR ON

Every one knows we are on the eve of a commercial warfare with our rival nations. They seek to limit our markets and to restrict the sales of our surplus. Among the greatest of the agencies which they are prepared to use in this war is their control of the ocean-carrying trade. There, and there alone, they have us at a disadvantage. They have the ships and we have not. If they wished to do so, if the pressure of the rivalry became great enough, to warrant it, they could discriminate against us. Indeed, indirectly they are already doing so. I have read with great interest recent statistics which show that American trade with some of our new dependencies is not increasing as fast as the trade of some of our foreign rivals. That is because they have the ships, the regular and frequent communication, and we have not. We sometimes wonder why we do not get a larger trade with the countries to the south of us. The answer can be easily found in the fact that our rivals have regular steamship communication with South America, a communication so greatly superior to ours that when an American wishes to go from New York to South America he crosses to England, and there returns to this side of the water—twice across the Atlantic to get from one part of America to another part!

This question is as broad as the nation. Sometimes I hear that the farmers of the West have no concern in the upbuilding of our merchant marine. But they have every concern. Everything that broadens our markets, everything that tends to keep our labor employed at high wages, is for the benefit of the farmers. Our Western farmers contribute a great share of the freights carried from our shores to foreign markets. They are thus directly interested in having that carrying trade in American hands, to the end that there shall always be low freights and no unjust discrimination. Would we be willing to have our tremendous railway systems in the hands of foreign capitalists, employing none but foreign labor? Why, then, should we be willing to have our ocean transportation in such hands? The complaint is often made that the prices of our surplus farm products are fixed in Liverpool or other foreign markets. But what we seek to do by building up our merchant marine is to look for wider markets and more competition among consumers, to the end that prices may be higher. In ten years, I predict, if the United States goes in for upbuilding our merchant marine, we shall have great merchant fleets on the Pacific Ocean, and plying between all our ports and the ports of Central and South America. These ships will create new markets; and in ten years not a bushel of Pacific coast wheat will find its way to Europe, but will be all consumed in the Orient. What American genius and executive ability has done on land it will show that it can do on the seas. Our railroads handle freights at a cost of one-third that paid by any other country in the world, notwithstanding the higher wages paid our railroad employes. Start American capital and American executive ability at work upon the high seas, give them the benefit of protection while they are securing a foothold, and in a short time they will be able to stand alone and give better service at lower cost.

### WHY WE SHOULD BUILD UP THE MERCHANT MARINE

We need to build up our merchant marine in order to be ready to cope with the commercial war which our rivals are

preparing to precipitate upon us. We want to send American goods to market in American ships. We want to put a stop to the system which now prevails in a large part of the world. As things now are, every time an American product is sent to a foreign market in a foreign ship the English or German shipowner charges what he pleases for the freight, and, upon arriving at its destination, ten chances to one the consignment is put into the hands of an English or German factor and by him distributed to the consumer. When the owner of the goods receives his pay he gets it through an English or foreign banking-house. At every turn made with that shipment it pays tribute in one way or another to our commercial rivals. We want to stop paying these tolls. We have millions for defence and protection of American industries, but not one cent to spare in tribute to others. Foreign shipowners profit every year to the extent of \$200,000,000, the whole of which sum is therefore our loss.

Our ship builders and owners are handicapped, not only by the subsidies granted to other merchant navies (to the value of \$28,000,000), but by the higher cost of constructing ships in this country, and by the fact that American sea wages are proportionately on a level with our wages on land. All we at present do for our merchant navy is to distribute \$1,500,000 among these steamship lines for carrying mails. There is obviously little inducement to invest in the shipping industry while the prevailing conditions continue.

### A LESSON FROM THE WAR

Remember the anxiety that prevailed along our Atlantic seaboard, and how the government was appealed to for protection against the invasion of the Spanish navy, and especially the much-dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers. All along that coast, from Maine to Florida, was a demand for guns to protect cities. As soon as it became known that the government had leased four fast ships of the American Line, ships fleet enough to show their heels to the enemy, to serve as scouts for the navy, public confidence was in large measure restored. Those four ships were then worth to the people of the United States in protection and security fifty times their cost, or more than the whole subsidy which is now proposed in Senator Frye's bill. What we want is not simply four such ships that can be drafted in the hour of national need, but scores of such ships, always available for auxiliary service. Our people are of one mind about building up a great American navy. They are ready to appropriate hundreds of millions as may be necessary to put our navy in the front rank on the seas. But an auxiliary merchant marine of ships of modern type, fast and strong, and by law made part of the navy whenever the government shall see fit to call for them, is of prime importance in the perfection and development of our navy. Such an auxiliary means not only ships, but the men who know how to sail them. Such auxiliary means are deemed of the greatest value by every other nation that aspires to naval domination over the seas. Why should not the United States take a leaf out of the book of experience which our rivals have been so long studying?

### A MARITIME WAR OUR PERIL

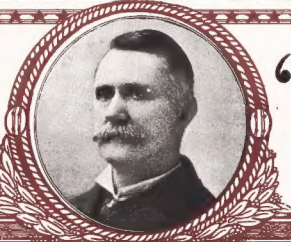
But there may be wars in which we shall not be engaged, and it is to be hoped that if wars do come we shall not be party to them. And yet a war between any two or three or more of the great maritime powers of Europe would plunge this country into dire distress. More than nine-tenths of our export trade is to-day carried in the ships of England, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden and Holland. War involving all or some of these powers is not impossible. Suppose it came, what would become of the export trade of the United States? Virtually all the merchant marine would be swept from the high seas, for these nations that carry our exports are also the great naval powers of the world. Without ships to carry our surplus to market, what would become of the farmer? What would become of the manufacturer? What would become of the laborer and the artisan? Through no fault of our own, except that in time of peace we had neglected to arrange to have our exports carried in our own ships, we should be at the mercy of a foreign war. We should have a great industrial disaster. What should be our harvest-time would be converted into a calamity, because we had not exercised common business foresight and prudence. In time perhaps some arrangement might be made to get our goods to the market that we wanted them and was willing to pay high prices. Unfortunately, while things remain thus at a standstill, American goods will still travel in foreign ships, and if we became involved in a serious war, we should soon find ourselves without transports. But if the bill is passed, all vessels under subsidy can at any time be utilized by the government as auxiliary cruisers or troopships, which means nothing more nor less than the enhanced safety of the country.

I am aware that in some minds there is a prejudice against the word "subsidy." But is it a reasonable prejudice? I ask every man who entertains this prejudice to sit down and think it out for himself. Subsidies are only a form of protection, and protection to American industries and American labor needs no defence or apology from any one.

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# OUR MERCHANT MARINE

## By Senator HARRIS



## "NO"



### "TO PROMOTE COMMERCE AND INCREASE FOREIGN TRADE"

ONE OF THE MOST important measures which will come up for legislation before Congress this winter is that which is embodied in Senate bill 727, originally introduced by Ohio's distinguished junior Senator, Mr. Hanna, in December, 1899, and presented for the second time to that body by its presiding officer, Mr. Frye. Maine, on the 6th of December, 1899. After many discussions and various amendments, it was reported, as it now stands, by Mr. Frye on the 29th of last January. In its preamble the bill announces that it is a measure "to promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for government use when necessary," but it is popularly known throughout the country as "The Ship Subsidy Bill."

This bill is by no means a new measure in the legislative halls of the nation. Subsidy in some form has reared its many-tentacled head in every Congressional session for the past thirty years, but the preparation for the presentation of it in this bill was perhaps more carefully made than any that preceded it. Five years ago Mr. Frye called a large number of ship owners and builders before Senate committees to report upon the conditions and needs of our merchant marine; graphic reports of its depleted and impoverished state were made by almost every one who was called to testify, and it might be added that it was seen that copies of these reports were freely distributed to the press gallery and widely published in the newspapers throughout the country. Ship subsidy resolutions were also incorporated in several of the State campaign platforms, and in this way the public mind was prepared for the introduction of the bill. We are told that it was to have been urged upon the attention of Congress immediately after its introduction, but was delayed by the events of the Spanish-American war, and that, while it was in reality Mr. Frye's bill, it was simply pushed by Senator Hanna for his friend while he was absent in Paris on the Peace Commission.

### \$9,000,000 ANNUALLY IN SUBSIDIES

The original bill did not meet with the hearty reception, either from the country at large or from Congress, which its promoters had fondly hoped, and it underwent many changes and amendments. As it now stands, it proposes—briefly stated—to largely increase the American merchant marine both in shipbuilding and commerce; to effect an enormous reduction in freight rates in ocean transportation; to provide that a certain number of American boys shall be taken and taught the duties of seamanship, engineering, or other maritime knowledge; to provide that any vessels which receive the benefit of the subsidy may be taken or employed and used by the United States as cruisers or transports at any time; it further provides that \$9,000,000 annually shall be expended in subsidies on the shipowners who undertake these things.

This is the facial proposition of the bill, but beneath its smooth wording runs a world of meaning which must be understood to be appreciated. It is to be noted that the bill and its friends religiously avoid the use of the terms "subsidy" or "bounty." They supply the word "contract" in their place for the obvious reason that the very words "subsidy" or "bounty" suggest that taxation is being employed for the use of certain favored individuals, while "contract" is connected in all minds with some consideration that must be given in return. But the "contracts" of this subsidy bill are decidedly one-sided.

### THIRTY YEARS TO PAY \$135,000,000

In the first place, the bill is contrary to every principle of just taxation. In considering it we must face the fact that, modified as it has been, the bill still carries an enormous appropriation from the public Treasury. If it passes and becomes a law it will fasten a burden of taxation upon the people of the United States to the vast amount of \$135,000,000, and they must struggle underneath it for thirty long years before it can be paid—almost the length of the average lifetime! It takes this large amount out of the Treasury to give it to purely private individuals. It enables ship owners and builders to enter into fifteen-year contracts with the government in which their benefits are so evident as to be manifest at a glance, and all of the benefit which is claimed can come to the government in return is a certain vague right to take over steamers in case of war—a contingency which we have but seldom encountered so far in our history.

The bill claims that it will reduce ocean freightage, yet it unhesitatingly discriminates in favor of fast passenger carrying lines. It provides one and one-half cents per gross ton for each one hundred nautical miles sailed, not exceeding fifteen hundred miles outward or homeward bound; and one cent per gross ton for each additional one hundred nautical miles sailed. It provides an additional rate for vessels over fifteen hundred tons, with a higher rate for those of three

thousand tons, and higher still for those of eight thousand tons. This is entirely wrong. If the subsidy were justified at all, it should be restricted wholly to freightage boats, but the claim for the reduction of freightage will prove "an iridescent dream." American transportation companies of the past, unfortunately, have not been conspicuous for giving up their profits in the interest of lowered rates, and as the millennium has not yet arrived we are hardly justified in expecting it of shipowners.

Furthermore, the bill is a glaring example of class legislation. Should it become a law the discrimination in favor of the fast passenger steamers would benefit over \$2,000,000 annually one well-known and old and prosperous line which already receives from the government nearly five per cent yearly on a capital of \$10,000,000, not counting its earnings from other sources. This same company, under the provisions of the bill, would obtain from the government, in twenty years, twice the capital cost of all of its fast steamers. Webster defines subsidy as "the money paid to establish an enterprise." Certainly this ship company, at least, has been pretty firmly established for some time.

### SHIP SUBSIDY IN HISTORY

In early history the term subsidy was applied to a special land tax, usually of about one-fifth of the normal rental. In the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century it denoted payments to an ally for assistance in carrying on war, but its modern use has been applied to any direct pecuniary aid rendered by the state to industrial enterprises. In its widest sense it includes all such government aid as, for instance, the system of bounties on exports, which holds so important a place in the commercial policy of France. The First Congress of the United States, in 1789, imposed discriminating duties upon goods imported under a foreign flag, as well as a heavy tonnage tax. It further secured monopoly right by providing that none but American built vessels should receive an American register and sail under the American flag. This law still holds good, and without doubt to it can be directly attributed much of the decline of the American merchant marine. A few years later the railroads which began springing up throughout the new country tried to persuade Congress to grant to them bounties and discriminations similar to those it had allowed the shipping industry, but even at that early date it was seen that it was not wise to extend such privileges.

The ship subsidy scheme is not an untried experiment. Twice before, on a large scale, the United States Government has attempted it, but in both cases it was a sad failure, and was connected with a disgraceful chapter of Federal legislation. In 1850 the government granted a subsidy of \$385,000 to the Collins Line to ply between Liverpool and New York. From that date to 1859, when the company went out of existence in disaster, its ocean territory was repeatedly browsed and the subsidy raised until it reached \$2,000,000, yet, despite it all, the project failed. Nor was the case of the Pacific Mail Company, in 1865-75, any more successful. Fraud and misuse of funds was the record of both enterprises. Doctor Hadley of Yale says: "While the subsidized steamers are useful in providing a reserve in case of war, their commercial success is always doubtful. Experience proves that the system of bounties calls unnecessary ships into operation and diminishes the regular earnings of the business, for which the government bounty furnishes scant compensation. It has caused waste instead of economy, loss rather than gain."

### HOW IT HAS WORKED IN ENGLAND

We hear it constantly quoted that Great Britain has built up the largest merchant marine of the world by its generous grants of government subsidies, and that for that reason we should emulate her example. This has led to a general misunderstanding of the bill. Great Britain gives no such subsidies as the Ship Subsidy Bill calls for, nor are the cases parallel. A hundred years ago all of the nations of the globe were using wooden vessels for their ocean traffic. With our unbroken and limitless forests, reaching to the very sea edge, and with labor to be had for the asking, our shipbuilding industry fought to the front. For many years our merchant marine led the sails on all seas. But with the introduction of steam and steel craft, England, with its then larger supply of iron and steel, soon surpassed us in shipbuilding, and with our restricted navigation laws it was impossible for us to compete with her.

Steam craft were an experiment, and as an experiment Great Britain, in about 1838, began granting ship subsidies. This was rendered necessary by her large and far-separated colonies. The subsidies were continued under the Admiralty until 1860, but by that time the system had become so notoriously corrupt that it was taken entirely out of the control of the Admiralty and transferred to the Post Office Department of the government. The system of private contracts was abolished; the whole enterprise was thrown open to public competitors; and the entire grant of subsidies was reduced to the carriage of ocean mails and the maintenance

of the marine reserves. From that day to this, this has been the case of Great Britain's ship subsidies, and it is worthy of note that under those circumstances the Indian and other unsubsidized lines of England have paid as well as those which have received the government grants.

### A CONSIDERATION OF NECESSITIES

It should be borne in mind that subsidies always mean increased taxation, and that the ship subsidy of the proposed law will be no exception to the rule. Could it be shown that the beneficiary was an infant industry that needed government aid the reason for the introduction of the bill might be justifiable, but, as has been said, the chief beneficiaries of the law would be old and well established fast passenger lines that have no more demand for asking for public money than have any of the prosperous merchants of any of our large cities. It is certainly significant that this bill is fathered by thirteen of the wealthiest shipowners of the country, and that its most strenuous advocates in the Senate are men who own large shipping interests. The legitimate object of taxation is public necessity. In what way can these steamship companies show that they are diving into the United States Treasury for "public necessity"? Verily it has been said, with truth, "The bill would inaugurate as graceless a raid on the United States Treasury as was ever devised by human greed."

There is no necessity for the ship subsidy law. The American merchant marine is bound in a very few years to become self-supporting without government aid. If our antiquated and pernicious navigation laws could be remodelled, the restriction on foreign-built ships struck from the statute book, it would reach it with giant strides. The law against the registration of foreign-built ships under the American flag is a dead weight to competition. Give us free ships, and we could run them all over the waters of the globe and bid defiance to every competitor. But with the laws as they are there is no necessity for the ship subsidy law. With our unlimited mines of steel, iron, and coal; with our abundant resources, not equalled elsewhere under God's canopy of blue, we are as certain as that day follows night to again take the leading place in the merchant marine of the world, as we are doing in every other branch of international commerce.

### COST OF AMERICAN SHIPS

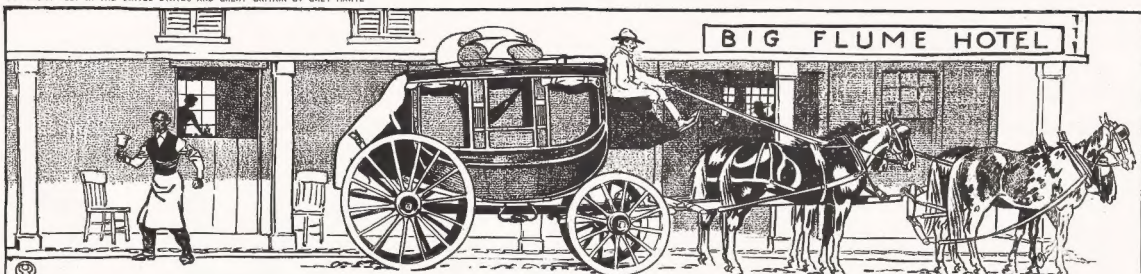
It is claimed that it costs more to build ships in the United States than in the maritime countries of Europe; that it costs more to run an American ship in wages and supplies; and that the European governments support their merchant marine service by subsidies, against which our unsubsidized ships cannot compete. Thus is proving the fallacy of these claims. If the American shipping industry were in the sad plight the advocates of the Ship Subsidy Bill maintain, would our shipyards show their present flourishing condition? If the industry really does not pay, why do the International Company, the Atlantic Transport Company, the Pacific Mail, the Ward Line, and a dozen others that might be named, continue to run? Should we run? Should we incur a labor of love and mercy with them all of these years. Can it be that a broad philanthropy has incited them to remain in the business, although at a loss?

There is no doubt that the American ships do feed and supply their sailors better than other countries, and in this way the cost of maintaining them is greater, but Mr. Cramp himself said before the Senate committee that the difference in the cost of labor could be overcome by the superiority of the American mechanics. He further said, "If Congress will take off all duties from American iron, reducing it to the price of foreign iron, then we are prepared to compete with foreign builders. The rate of duty on imported materials for shipbuilding is about forty per cent. Could shipbuilders be relieved of that they could compete successfully with foreign builders."

I repeat, there is no necessity for the ship subsidy law. Never in our history have our shipyards been so busy. For the past two years they have been taxed to their utmost capacity to fill their increasing orders. Domestic shipbuilding has become a gigantic enterprise, and the present generation is sure to witness a marvellous growth of the American merchant marine. Not only are all shipyards busy now, but they are crowded with orders which extend over the next two years. New shipping docks are building, larger than any existing ones; old ones are enlarging their borders. Last year there was an addition to our merchant fleet of 420,000 tons gross, and 140,000 tons gross was used in the construction of war vessels. Besides this, 40,000 tons of ship plate was sold abroad, showing that it is only a matter of time until we will become the producing plant for even the maritime provinces of Europe.

Healthy and enduring growth follows just laws and as a result of natural advantages, in which we are easily first. The swollen and flabby offspring of a bounty law withers under competition, and will forever be crying, "Give, give, more, more!"





# The LANDLORD of the BIG FLUME HOTEL

By BRET HARTE

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Heathen Chinese," "A Ward of the Golden Gate," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD PENFIELD AND W. L. GLACKENS



THE BIG FLUME stage coach had just drawn up at the Big Flume Hotel simultaneously with the ringing of a large dinner bell in the two hands of a negro waiter, who, by certain gyrations of the bell, was trying to impart to his performance that picturesque elegance and harmony which the instrument and its purpose lacked. For the refreshment thus proclaimed was only the ordinary station dinner, protracted at Big Flume for three-quarters of an hour to allow for the arrival of the connecting mail from Sacramento, although the repast was of a nature that seldom prevailed upon the traveller to linger the full period over its details. The ordinary cravings of hunger were generally satisfied in half an hour, and the remaining minutes were employed by the passengers in drowning the memory of their meal in "drinks at the bar," in smoking, and even in a hurried game of "old sledge" or dominoes. Yet to-day the deserted table was still occupied by a belated traveller, and a lady—separated by a wilderness of empty dishes—who had arrived after the stage coach. Observing which, the landlord—perhaps touched by this unwanted appreciation of his fare—moved forward to give them his personal attention.

He was a man, however, who seemed to be singularly deficient in those supreme qualities which in the West have exalted the ability to "keep a hotel" into a proverbial synonym for super-excellence. He had little or no innovating genius, no trade devices, no assumption, no faculty for advertisement, no progressiveness, and no "racket." Of his personal history it was known only that he had emigrated from Wisconsin in 1852, that he had calmly unyoked his ox-teams at Big Flume, then a trackless wilderness, and, on the opening of a wagon road to the new mines, had built a wayside station which eventually developed into the present hotel. He had been divorced in a Western State by his wife "Rosalie," locally known as "The Prairie Flower of Elkian Creek," for incompatibility of temper! Her temper was not stated.

Such was Abner Langworthy, the proprietor, as he moved leisurely down toward the lady guest, who was nearest, and who was sitting with her back to the passage between the tables.

"Ef there's anythin' more ye want—that ye ain't seein', ma'am," he began—and stopped suddenly. For the lady had looked up at the sound of his voice. It was his divorced wife whom he had not seen since their separation. The recognition was instantaneous, mutual, and characterized by perfect equanimity on both sides.

"Well, I wanter know!" said the lady, although the exclamation point was purely conventional. "Abner Langworthy!—though perhaps I've no call to say 'Abner.'"

"Same to you, Rosalie—though I say it too," returned the landlord. "But hel' on just a minute." He moved forward to the other guest, put the same perfunctory question regarding his needs, received a negative answer, and then returned to the lady and dropped into a chair opposite to her.

"You're looking peart and—fleshy," he said resignedly, as if he were tolerating his own conventional politeness with his other difficulties. "Unless," he added cautiously, "yer takin' on some new disease."

"No! I'm fairly comf'ble," responded the lady calmly, "and you're gettin' on in the vale, ez is natural—though you still kind o' run to bone, as you used."

There was not a trace of malice in either of their comments—only a resigned recognition of certain unpleasant truths which seemed to have been habitual to both of them. Mr. Langworthy paused to flick away some flies from the butter with his professional napkin, and resumed:

"It must be a matter o' five years sence I last saw ye—isn't it?—in court arter you got the decree—you remember?"

"Yes—the 28th o' July, '51, I paid Lawyer Hoskins' bill that very day—that's how I remember," returned the lady. "You've got a big business here," she continued, glancing round the room; "I reckon you're makin' it pay. Don't seem to be in your line, though—but then there wasn't many things that was."

"No—that's so," responded Mr. Langworthy, nodding his head, as assenting to an undeniable proposition, "and you—I suppose you're gettin' on too. I reckon you're—married—eh?" with a slight suggestion of putting the question delicately.

The lady nodded, ignoring the hesitation. "Yes, let me see—it's just three years and three days, Constantine Byers—I don't reckon you know him—from Milwaukee. Timber merchant. Standin' timber's his specialty."

"And I reckon he's—satisfactory?"

"Yes! Mr. Byers is a good provider—and handy. And you? I should say you'd want a wife in this business?" Mr. Langworthy's serious, half-perfunctory manner here

took an appearance of interest. "Yes—I've bin thinkin' that way. Thar's a young woman helpin' in the kitchen ez might do, though I'm not certain 'a ain't lettin' on anythin' as yet. You might take a look at her, Rosalie—I orter say Mrs. Byers ez is—and kinder size her up, and gimme the result. It's still wantin' seven minutes o' schedule time afore the stage goes, and—if you ain't wantin' more food—delicately, as became a landlord—and ain't got anythin' else to do—it might pass the time."

Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Byers here displayed an equal animation in her fresh face as she rose promptly to her feet and began to rearrange her dust cloak around her buxom figure. "I don't mind, Abner," she said, "and I don't think that Mr. Byers would mind either"—then seeing Langworthy hesitating at the latter unexpected suggestion, she added confidently, "And I wouldn't mind even if he did—for I'm sure if I don't know the kind o' woman you'd be likely to mean, I don't know who would."

Thus supported, Mr. Langworthy led Mrs. Byers into the hall through a crowd of loungers, into a smaller hall, and there opened the door of the kitchen. It was a large room, whose windows were half darkened by the encompassing pines which still pressed around the house on the scantily cleared site. A number of men and women—among them a Chinaman and a negro—were engaged in washing dishes and in other culinary duties, and beside the window stood a young blond girl who was wiping a tin pan which she was also using to hide a burst of laughter evidently caused by the abrupt entrance of her employer. A quantity of fluffy hair and part of a white, bared arm was nevertheless visible outside the disk, and Mrs. Byers gathered from the direction of Mr. Langworthy's eyes, assented by a slight nudge from his elbow, that this was the selected fair one. His feeble explanatory introduction, addressed to the occupants generally, "Just showing the house to Mrs.—er—Dusenberry," convinced her that the circumstances of his having been divorced he had not yet confided to the young woman. As he turned almost immediately away, Mrs. Byers in following him managed to get a better look at the girl, as she was exchanging some facetious remark with a neighbor. Mr. Langworthy did not speak until they had reached the deserted dining-room again.

"Well?" he said briefly, glancing at the clock, "what did ye think o' Mary Ellen?"

"She's older than she gives herself out to be," said Mrs. Byers tentatively, "and them kitten ways don't amount to much."

Mr. Langworthy nodded. "She don't handsome much," continued Mrs. Byers, musingly, "but—"

"I never was keen on good looks in a woman, Rosalie. You know that!"

Mrs. Byers received the equivocal remark unemotionally, and returned to the subject.

"But she was so comf'ble," she said contemplatively, "I should think you could make her suit."

Mr. Langworthy nodded with resigned toleration of all that might have influenced her judgment and his own. "I was wantin' a fa'r-minded opinion, Rosalie, and you happened along jest in time. Kin I put up anythin' in the way of food for yet?" he added, as a stir outside, and the words "All aboard!" proclaimed the departing of the stage coach, "and the coach rolled away by the invasion of any warmer feeling or a desire for confidences. The only perceptible divergence from his regular habits was a disposition to be on the veranda at the arrival of the stage coach, and, when his duties permitted this, a cautious survey of his female guests at the beginning of dinner. This probably led to his more or less ignoring any peculiarities in his unseasonable patron's claim to his personal attention. Particularly so in the case of a red-headed man in a long linen duster, both heavily freighted with the red dust of the stage road, which seemed to have invaded his very eyes as he watched the landlord closely. Toward the close of the dinner when Abner, accompanied by a negro waiter after his usual custom, passed down each side of the long table,

collecting payment for the meal, the stranger looked up. "You air the landlord of this hotel, I reckon?"

"I am," said Abner, tolerantly. "I'd like a word or two with ye."

But Abner had been obliged to have a formula for such occasions. "Ye'll pay for yer dinner first," he said submissively but firmly, "and make yer remarks agin the food arter."

The stranger flushed quickly, and his eye took an additional shade of red, but, meeting Abner's serious gray ones, he contented himself with ostentatiously taking out a handful of gold and silver and paying his bill. Abner passed on, but after dinner was over he found the stranger in the hall. "Ye pulled me up rather short in that," said the man gloomily, "but it's just as well, as the talk I was wantin' with ye was kinder betwixt and between ourselves, and not hotel business. My name's Byers—and my wife let on she was ye down here."

For the first time it struck Abner as incongruous that another man should call Rosalie "his wife," although the fact of her remarriage had been made sufficiently plain to him. He accepted it as he would an earthquake, or any other dislocation, with his usual tolerant smile, and held out his hand.

Mr. Byers took it, seemingly mollified, and yet inwardly disturbed—more even than was customary in Abner's guests—after dinner. "Have a drink with me," he suggested, although it had struck him that Mr. Byers had been drinking before dinner.

"I'm agreeable," responded Byers promptly, "but," with a glance at the crowded bar-room, "couldn't we go somewhere, jest you and me, and have a quiet confab?"

"I reckon. But ye must wait till we get her off."

Mrs. Byers started slightly, but it appeared that the impedimental sex in this case was the coach, which, after a slight feminine hesitation, was at last started. Whereupon Mr. Langworthy, followed by a negro with a tray bearing a decanter and glasses, grasped Mr. Byers' arm, and walked along a small side veranda, the depth of the house, stepped out and apparently plunged with his guest into the princely wilderness.

"Would it be a fa'r question between two fa'r-minded men, ez hez lived alone," said Mr. Byers, with a gravity so supernatural that it could be only referred to liquor, "to ask ye in what sort o' way did Mrs. Byers show her temper?"

"Show her temper?" echoed Abner, vacantly. "Yes—in course, I mean when you and Mrs. Byers was—was—"

"You know the di-vorce was for in-com-pat-ibility of temper."

"But she got the divorce from me, so I reckon I had the temper," said Langworthy, with great simplicity.

"Wla—at?" said Mr. Byers, putting down his glass and gazing with drunken gravity into the sad-eyed yet good-humoredly tolerant man before him. "You—you had the temper?"

"I reckon that's what the Court allowed," said Abner, simply.

Mr. Byers stared. Then after a moment's pause he nodded with a significant yet relieved face. "Yes, I see, in course. Times when you'd histed too much o' this corn juice," lifting up his glass, "inside ye—ye sorter bust out ravin'?"

But Abner shook his head. "I wuz a total abstainer in them days," he said quietly.

Mr. Byers got unsteadily on his legs and looked around him. "Wot might hev bin the general gait o' your temper, pardner?" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Don't know. I reckon that's jest whar the incompatibility kem in."

"And when she have plates at your head, wot did you do?"

"She didn't hove no plates," said Abner, gravely; "did she say she did?"

"No! No!" returned Byers hastily, in crimson confusion, "I kinder got it mixed with suthin' else"—he waved his hand in a lordly way, as if dismissing the subject. "Howsumever you and her is 'off' anyway," he added with badly concealed anxiety.

"I reckon: there's the Decree," returned Abner with his usual resigned acceptance of the fact.

"Mrs. Byers wuz allowin' ye wuz thinkin' of a second. How's that comin' on?"

"Jest whar it was," returned Abner. "I ain't doin' anythin' yet. Ye see I've got to tell the gal, naturally, that I'm di-vorced. And as that isn't known hereabouts I don't care to do so till I'm pretty certain. And then, in course, I've got to."

"Why hev ye 'got to'?" asked Byers abruptly.

"Because it wouldn't be on the square with the girl," said Abner. "How would you like it if Mrs. Byers had never told you she's been married to me? And a s'pose you'd happened to hev bin a di-vorced man and hadn't told her, eh?"







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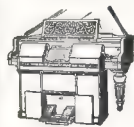
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"THAR WEREN'T NO UNSEEMLY LAUGHIN' GOIN' ON IN THE HOUSE"

## THE SAD CASE OF HARMONY JOHN

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER, Author of "Watchers of Twilight," "The Loom of Destiny," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



"HERE BE nothin' like music, be thar?" commented Hank, as the owner of "The Alberta Rest" wound up the bar-room music-box, and it tinkled sadly forth "The Blue Bells of Scotland."

"Speakin' o' music," said Hank, luxuriously lighting a swallow-hued cigar known to the local cowboy as "The Poke-weed Bouquet," "thar's

nothin' holds the trail agin' a good pianner, to my way o' thinkin'. Give me a good old fashioned long-range square-box, an' a ladder-pawed performer who knows how to handle his ivory swift an' airy, an' my stunk goes to the centre ev'ry time.

"You see, stranger, we don't get much genuine music up here, 'cept at the Port. Down Ar'zona way, on our range, we had a pianner, as fine a pianner as ever wiggled a pedal. It were an upright, an' 't used to stand in one corner of Sunset Riley's 'jint, an' I reckon us boys got as stunk on that pianner as a prairie-dog's stunk on diggin'. In fact, then cow-punchers used to ride in across fifty mile of alkali dust jes' to have a look at her. An' before buyin' their throat-swab or instootin' a noo game, then boys used to go over an' feel that pianner all over, kind o' lovin'-like, from mane to heek, an' open her up an' take a peek at her inner workin's, an' give her a pat an' try a key or two, an' then put on the old Navajo boss-blanket ag'in an' line up at the counter kind o' solemn an' satisfied. Riley had gone to a heap o' trouble to get that pianner, an' it were a enterprise o' consider'ble magnitud for them early days, for she had to be freighted into Cochise Camp, about forty miles overland, from Phoenix. Thar were a heap o' talk about that pianner, an' a heap o' waitin' round before she were hauled into camp, but when she once arrove thar there was no need explainin' she were a upright what had seen a heap o' life. W'en Riley corralled her she were boin' chased round Phoenix by a bailiff. She had once been in a mission-house at Los Angeles, an' b'fore that had been one section o' the orchestra on a Mississippi steamer, beguinin' her eventful life in a Dupont street 'jint in Frisco. Nat'ally she had her scars, an' a big scar or two in her old case, an' mebbe she were a trifle off in her upper register. But w'en Riley teamed her into camp an' got Frisco Mary over from Phoenix to do the performin', I allows thar were a drivin' business done in this yere 'jint o' Sunset Riley's. But Frisco Mary occasioned herself to be kinder mixed up a trifle with Maricopa Jim an' a low-down Mexican, an' accordin' got herself kind of speakin' disrespectful o' Greasers. W'ereupon Sunset Riley found himself in possession of a nice open-work upright pianner with no one to play it, thar not bein' a cuss in all that camp w'at had mastered the science o' shufflin' the keys. So thar the pianner stood with her old boss blanket over her, w'ile the boys got into the habit o' walkin' round her an' feelin' her

over an' talkin' on the way Frisco Mary uster shake the toons out o' her old carcass.

"Natch'ly, w'en it come round for the reg'ler Chris'mus hoo-down, thar were no music, an' the gloom hung most funereal over that camp. I reckon it hung that thick you could have cut off chunks of it with your jack-knife an' froued 'em out for fat crape. Thar were a tenderfoot struck camp, sure 'nough, 'bout three weeks b'fore Chris'mus, an' seen' the old pianner, went over mighty unthinkin'-like an' reeled off two or three nice noo pieces w'at he called the 'Runaway Girl.' An' tharupon the boys held a little privet meetin' for discussin' the ropin' down o' that nice young moosiekin till after Chris'mus, in view o' the fact that we had nothin' better than a Greaser with a cracked guitar an' Timber-Limit Brown's concertina. I ruther guess that nice young tenderfoot would have been detained forcible, on'y he got wind o' that little meetin' an' vamoosed uncommon speedy for Phoenix without botherin' about no baggage.

"Chris'mus Eve come round purty cold an' snappy, an' the boys had decorated Riley's 'jint with the ususal bright an' goin'us texts, an' brought in a couple o' loads o' evergreens from the hills, an' the Greasers got ready for thar cock-fightin', an' we all poured on the leather to do the gen'ral light an' airy. But it weren't no go. Thar stood that old pianner in the corner, lookin' uncommon like a hearse with her old boss-blanket over her. I recollect Snowline Bill amblin' over to this yere upright an' jes' strikin' a key or two for luck. Now if thar's anything w'at is uncommon tantalin' it's havin' a cuss throw two or three notes out at you w'en your in'ard soul is a hungerin' for a good old toon. It's uncommon like tryin' to swab your throat valves with one small beer, an' we mighty near strung Bill up for that forgetfulness o' the feelin's o' others. The games went on ag'in, however, an' the bettin' got uncommon reckless, but thar were no more sport in that house than in a sick cayuse.

"Then something uncommon queer happened, as you'll allow w'en I lays out the cards. Thar weren't a man located within thirty mile o' the camp w'at was not right thar in Sunset Riley's. But w'ile we was sittin' round kinder solemn an' quiet the dogs jump up, an' some one all of a sudden knocks very gentle on the door. It weren't no ord'nary, common, ev'ryday sort o' knock, an' I reckon we was all some harrowed. We was kinder nervous an' strung up that night anyhow, an' as Riley comes round an' opens that door uncommon keefin', I allows thar weren't a gent thar w'at didn't have his gun-hand purty free an' a tolerable anxious look about the face. Well, Riley opens the door, an' in falls w'at looks scan'lous like a bundle o' rags an' whiskers.

"Sandy Claus, by ginger!" sings out Timber-Limit Brown, havin' bin hittin' the bar astonishin' reg'ler an' a trifle up in the air mebbe.

"I allows I've seen a heap o' broken-down humans in my day, but they weren't holdin' cards to this yere old whiskers.

He was reg'ler frayed all round the edges for sure, for his tongue was a-hangin' out o' his mouth like a piece o' dry flannel, an' I'll be 'naturally reed if it were safe to stake w'ether he were Chink or Greaser or Injin, he was in that scandalous harrowin' state. He was bleedin' at the hands an' knees, an' his skin was uncommon like sixteen-year-old leather, an' his chaps was worn through, an' his hands looked uncommon like hawk claws.

"Rattlesnake Pete gave him a gently rousin' kick with his boot as he lay out thar. Then Timber-Limit Brown, who was nosin' round the bosom o' that stranger's shirt, an' feelin' for bullet-holes, I reckon, hollers out, 'Crawlin' sarpintins, boys, he's white!' An' with that the whole house rounds up at the door, while Riley, most generous-like for himself, pours about a half-pint of nose-paint down the old man's throat, an' he wriggles his toes, kinder revivin'. They takes the old blanket off the pianner an' puts it on a ch'ir by the stove an' lifts the old man into it very gentle, an' stand round sakin' him up.

"Kinder run out o' fodder on the plains," voted Snowline Bill, with consider'ble feelin', allowin' for the time he had crawled into camp with his own ribs cuttin' through his skin.

"He's come down from the mountains, I reckon," said Riley, kinder commentin' on his bleedin' hands an' knees, for that stranger looked like he'd been doin' a heap o' crawl-in' on all fours that partik'ler Yoo-tide. 'Know him, Pete?' sez Riley.

"Toss on me!" sez Pete, shakin' his head, w'ile Riley kept a-pourin' the lickin' into the old man, uncommon permiss'us enough to make your mouth water. Then all of a sudden that flegger gives a deep sigh or two an' opens its eyes an' sez, 'Whar's Canada Bill?'

"Who's Canada Bill?" sez Riley, liftin' the old man's feet down off the stove front, for the smell o' burnin' buckskin was gettin' uncommon strong. 'Yes, Canada Bill,' sez Riley, like he was a-talkin' to a sucklin' child—yes, who is Canada Bill?'

"The old man said nothin', but looked kinder searchin' from one face to the other as we lunged over him. Then he shook his head, an' we all allowed thar were no Canada Bill in that room.

"Who's Canada Bill?" sez Riley ag'in, proceedin' to lickin' up the old stranger once more.

"W'y, sez the old man, very slow an' painful, lickin' the last o' the lickin' off his lips—w'y, he's—he's Canada Bill, Canada Bill Leamer, who struck these parts with me—w'y, it must be eighteen year ago. Bill an' me located the 'Nellie W. Xins,' an' Bill said jes' to call on him if I was ever stranded!'

"The old man pumped up the brine so hard Riley handed out another slug of nose-paint, an' then sez, 'W'en did Bill say that?'

"I dunno," sez the stranger, lookin' kinder regretful in

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 15)





DRAWN BY G. M. RHYLA

## CHILDREN AT THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

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# THE PRINCE WHO CARRIED HIS FORTUNE

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

Author of "The Imp and the Author," "The Madness of Philip," Etc.



HERE WERE ONCE THREE princes born on one day, who, so soon as they were of age, started out to seek their fortunes together. Now Starkyn was the strongest and led the way; Fynold was the wisest and planned the course; and Cordyl, who was the best loved, followed after his brothers and took what they left him.

On the day that they set out into the world, early of a bright summer morning, their godmother, the wisest woman in all that country, appeared before them clad in a long cope with a red hood and bearing on her arm a covered wicker basket.

"My children," said she, "since princes must needs seek their fortunes the best is none too good for you. Would you like to undertake the most difficult and dangerous adventure known to me?"

"Indeed, reverend godmother," said Starkyn proudly, "we care for no other sort."

"Well enough spoken," his godmother replied. "You may also know that if you succeed in it you will win the greatest reward known to me."

"Which would be well worth our pains, I am sure," said Fynold sagely.

"Very well spoken," replied his godmother. "But I must tell you besides that only one of you can bear away the prize of the adventure."

"And I am sure that none of us would grudge it to the others," said Cordyl kindly.

"Spoken best of all," replied his godmother. "Now listen to the adventure. The daughter of the king of the Far Away Country has been under a heavy enchantment since her birthday, which was the same as yours. She is imprisoned and bewitched somewhere in the Long Lonely Forest, and whoever can find and disenchant her and bring her to her father can have her for his wife and be happy as long as he lives. For she is the loveliest princess in the world, too dark to be fair and too fair to be dark, with eyes of gray and never a fault."

The princes straightway struck their spurs in their horses and galloped off, but she called them back.

"Stop a bit, my sons," said she. "There is more goes with this. Whoever rides on the adventure must take this with him," and she drew the cover from the basket. The princes peered down from their saddles into the basket and saw a little wizened creature like a picked chicken, all arms and legs, squirming there.

"It is a changeling," said she, "and it serves a twofold purpose: it will keep you safe from evil enchantments in the Long Lonely Forest, while you hold it by you, for it has fairy blood; and it stands as a proof from me to the king of the Far Away Country that you are worthy to ride on this adventure for his daughter, for this is not an adventure for every one's son. Whatever it wants, you must give it; whatever you do, never leave it. Do you understand?"

"It seems hardly seemly for a prince to be hampered by such an uncomely creature as that," said Starkyn. "But since it may be, reverend mother, toss the imp to me, and let us be off, for the forest is long indeed, and lonely enough I doubt not."

"As you will, my son," said she, "and here is a word for each of you: Starkyn, save your strength; Fynold, spare your wit; Cordyl, spend your love." When she had said this she was no longer there, and the basket hung on Starkyn's saddle-bow.

They rode merrily into the forest, and sang and jested till noon, and then they grew quieter, for they had not thought to bring any food with them, and they were hungry. They rode till the evening, and then they were quieter still, for they wondered how they should live without eating. Just as they had begun to think of turning back, they saw a curl of smoke in a lane of the forest, and when they drew nearer it was a little cottage in a ring of oak trees, with an old woman baking three wheaten cakes over a fire of twigs.

"Good mother," said Starkyn, "can you give us those cakes? for we are dying of hunger, my brothers and I."

"They are at your service, my son," said the old woman.

The princes leaped down, Starkyn lifting the basket with him, and each took a cake in his hand. Suddenly the changeling began to wail and cry like a gnat in the summer-time, twisting and writhing in the wicker basket.

"What is the matter with the brat?" said Starkyn angrily.

"It is hungry, my son," said the old woman.

"Hungry it may be, for all I care," said he lightly, and ate his cake.

"Perhaps I might give it a bite," said Fynold, but his cake was gone before he could decide.

"Whatever it wants you must give it," thought Cordyl, "and so I will, if only from respect to our godmother," and he crumbed his cake and fed it to the changeling. His brothers laughed at him for a soft-hearted fellow. "You might have saved a part for yourself," said they, and they all lay down to rest on the floor of the cottage.

In the morning there was no cottage to be seen, and they lay under the ring of oak trees, while sitting by the basket was an elfish child of full five years old.

"What have we here?" cried Starkyn, "truly the old woman's cakes are fattening! You may stick on by yourself, Imp, since you are grown so big." And they started on, the child holding to his belt.

At noon they heard a rumbling and a hissing through the wood, and far away they saw through the trees a great dragon, belching out fire and smoke and thrashing with his tail.

"Hurrah!" cried Starkyn, "the first adventure to me, my brothers!" and in a moment he had tossed the changeling away and rode full tilt at the dragon. But as he reached the snake of the beast it turned slowly into a thin coil that came through a hole in the roof of a cottage in a ring of trees, and he was alone with the old woman again.

"You should have saved your strength, Starkyn," she said, and he knew it was his godmother.

Now Fynold had caught the child as Starkyn threw it, and the brothers rode on together through the forest all day. But there was neither brook nor pool there, and by noon they were very thirsty. By nightfall they were fairly parched and could not have spoken had they wished.

Suddenly they heard the tinkling sound of water poured out, and looking to one side, they saw a little rustic shrine built under an oak, with two wooden bowls set out under the holy cross and an aged friar pouring water from a gourd into them.

"Holy father," whispered Fynold, "can you give us this water? for we are dying of thirst, my brother and I."

"They are at your service, my son," said the friar.

The princes leaned from their saddles to reach the cups, but the child put out its clawlike hand and tried to grasp Fynold's.

He shook it off and drank half of his bowl. "Now, what would you have, Changeling?" he asked, not kindly.

"It is thirsty, my son," said the friar.

"I am very sorry," replied Fynold, "and if I did not think my strength the greater matter of the two I would give it the rest. But I must needs be strong, if I am to carry this burden," and he finished the cup.

But Cordyl thought, "Whatever it wants you must give it," and offered his cup to the ugly little creature with its wild gray eyes. "Here, Changeling, you may drink a part of mine," he said. The child seized the cup and before he could taste a drop had emptied it.

"That was stupidly done, brother," said Fynold. "Your life is of more value, though kindness is a good thing in itself," and they lay down to sleep under the holy shrine.

In the morning there was no shrine to be seen, and they were under an oak tree, while beside them stood a child full ten years old, with long pale hair, and it was plain now that it was a girl child.

"Well, indeed!" cried Fynold, "the holy man's water was more filling than I thought! You are not so uncomely, by much, as when first I saw you, my girl! But you are wild-looking yet, and you will be heavier for my good horse here. Sit you quiet behind me and do as I say."

And they rode on, the girl steadying herself by a hand on his shoulder.

About noon they saw a mounted knight, armed to the teeth, bearing down on them very swiftly.

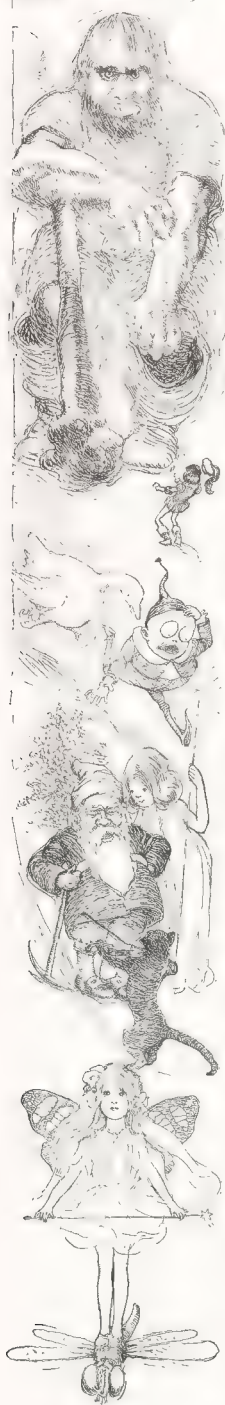
"Mind you, brother," said Fynold, "if there is fighting to be done this knight falls to me. I doubt not he has something to do with the princess. But I cannot fight with a girl of ten behind me; and yet I cannot leave her. I will look ahead before I act rashly."

The knight was now upon them, his spear tinkling against his shield, his visor down.

"Holla, there!" cried Fynold, "do you know aught of the enchanted princess of this wood?"

"It may be I do," the knight replied gruffly. "Who are you?"

"This is enough, surely," said Fynold, "and my









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### THE SAD CASE OF HARMONY JOHN

(INCLUDED FROM PAGE 13)

the bottom of his glass, 'but I allow it were ten or eleven year ago. Bill give my hand a squeeze an' said if ever I was stranded jes' to call on him!

"An' you certainly are some stranded!" sez Showline Bill, whar on a noo look comes into that old man's face an' he begins clutchin' at the surroundin' air with his fingers. 'I've got a noo claim now,' he croaks out, 'a new claim now—ha! ha!'

"A new claim?" sez Riley. "Where?" "But the old man weren't givin' way no information that deal. 'Whar thar shi't no water,' sez he, 'an' no grass, an' no life, an' whar you have to crawl an' crawl on your hands an' knees for days an' weeks an' months!' An' then we seen the old man was loosed all right.

"But whar did you leave Bill?" sez Riley ag'in.

"The old man's eye kinder wandered round the range, but he couldn't rope in any special recollection on the subject. But Riley gave him his bug-juce, an' finally he smiled kinder feeble an' said: 'W'y, it was in Frisco, I reckon, w'en I was doin' the perless-er act in Jim's dance-hall playin' the planner for the gang.'

"W'on he sez that ev'ry cornerer in that saloon jumped up as though his off foot had been interferin' unconscious with a rattler's domestic felicity.

"You—you ain't tryin' to throw it down our throats that you plays the planner!" sez Showline Bill.

"The old man looked at his crooked fingers an' gives a little laugh, an' then falls a sobbin' again, till Riley ins to hand him out another breccer. "They—they user call me Harmony John over in Frisco," he sez, uncommon plishus.

"But the boys weren't takin' no stock in that. All they allowed for was that they had rounded up a stranger or 'at knew how to shuffle the keys, an' that they was goin' to have music, geonome music, for that Chris'-mus hoe-down, or know the reason why. I ain't goin' into any wearyin' details 'bout how them clean loosed grigues took on, but w'en they carried the old man over to Riley's 'bright, an' life his pore old hands up on the dusty old keyboard an' heard that old stranger play 'Home, Sweet Home,' uncommon slow an' solemn, I allows that weren't no unseemly laughin' goin' on in the house.

In fact, the boys were so uncommon wrapped up in this here music the old man was throwin' out to them that they didn't take much stock in the old man hussel, w'ho stampedes some sudden an' falls forward on the keyboard an' lays thar whinin' for more throat-wab.

"Seem' him this played out, they fix up a bunk for him with hoss-blankets between the bar and the box-stove. I allow Riley'd have given him a free bed, but thar weren't a spare bed it the j'int that night. Then the boys feed the old man, an' licker him up ag'in, an' tuck him in like a boy.

"He's purty far gone," sez Riley, uncommon sympathetic, 'but in this here case o' his licker gene'ly seems to have a special apitood for bringin' him round, so I guess we can push our old planner out ag'in to-morrow, boys!' An' he takes a last look at the old man, sleepin' like a child on his shake-down, an' puts out the lights an' goes to bed.

"Chris'-mus mornin' Riley's up by daylight, hollerin' for the boys to come down an' have a toon before breakfast. Then he tiptoes very quiet into the bar-room to wake the old man.

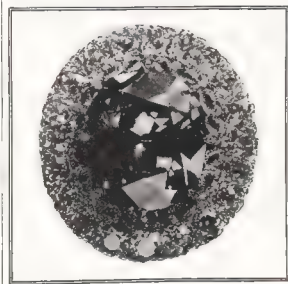
"Well, I allows he didn't do all the wakin' he were reckonin' on.

"W'y?" Well, stranger, jes' because that pore old man with the white whiskers had cleaned out the whole blamed ranch, an' vamoosed with eight hundred an' ninety dollars from the till, an' twenty-two pints o' Red Brand whiskey!"

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## Christmas Presents for Men



A Few Useful Hints on What to Buy for Some Other Girls' Brothers

By MRS. B. M. SHERMAN

THE up-to-date woman has a perplexed and searching look about her eyes these days. She goes peering around for all the world like that old fellow Diogenes with his lantern, searching for his honest man. She, too, is searching, but not with the same object in view. Her sole aim in life at present is to find an answer to this puzzling query: "What shall I give him for Christmas?"

If the dear girls could be behind the scenes while their particular "Hims" were discussing the utter uselessness of their beautifully embroidered bureau scarfs and pillows, or bewailing their sad fate in having the gorgeous chair tidies attached themselves permanently to their backs every time they rose from their favorite chairs, they might learn wisdom from the lesson.

A little thought, patience and care expended on the selection of a Christmas present would prove so satisfactory in the end that it is well worth a trial. Having the matter of gifts on my mind, I determined to make a canvass among my numerous male acquaintances, and as a result I discovered a deplorable condition of affairs.

The men were unanimous in expressing a desire for something for their den. They all had dens, these degenerate men, and under the circumstances I may be considered a hard counselor when I advise a hunt for gifts which will go to beautify those same dens.

In the end, my dear girls, these same den fixings may all come in handy when you have landed your fish; so, with this idea in view, I am willing to give you the benefit of what my search among the different shops dealing in den furnishings resulted in, and among the many hints you may find one which will benefit you.

This is what one might truthfully call an Oriental year. The chairs dealing in novelties all carry out this idea, and very fetching some of these same Eastern novelties are. I found a vast array of tasteful pipe-racks—bamboo sticks resting on two Arab heads. Then, again, the Negro and Hindu head is shown. The dark skin, bright eyes, red turbans and Oriental finish of the heads are bound to show off to excellent advantage against the cartridge papers or diminishing walls of every smart den.

Side by side with the Oriental heads I find that the new burned-wood articles are very popular. These come more within the reach of the woman with moderate means, and among the designs shown can be found some very appropriate decorations for the particular man's den.

This new fad can be learned very easily, and any woman with a shadow of artistic ability can be her own designer and executor. A present made by the donor is always more prized than one bought in a shop where hundreds of duplicates can be obtained. The materials and the implements for this burned-wood fad can be purchased at any art store for a small sum.

They are very attractive as large plaques for the wall, and are even used for picture-frames. Most of the designs are monkish, showing the well-known group of three monks laughing at a good joke, and that of the monk asleep in the wine cellar. Some pretty Dutch subjects are copied very effectively in this burned wood.

For a man's desk are shown letter racks with the man's monogram burned in, book racks for his table, even glove and collar boxes for his chifferoi. If he indulges in the luxury of a log fire, then you can get him a quaint fire bellows.

All the large department stores carry a full assortment of these pretty novelties, and there is no reason why a woman cannot make a good choice at a small expenditure.

Another fad which is very popular just

now is that of pictures. A good picture is always a welcome addition to every man's room, whether it be dignified with the title of "den" or the occupant be contented to call it merely a "room."

The dark-gray tones and black and white have never been so artistic and attractive as they are this season. Sargent's pictures of the "Prophets" and "Evangelists" are beautifully framed this year. Copies of the Madonnas, Christ's Heads, and different studies of the Holy Child make most appropriate Christmas gifts.

Next in favor to these ebony frames come the *pass-partout*. For these special mats are shown in dark grays, deep reds, greens in all shades, buffs, browns and gold. In selecting your *pass-partout* mat bear in mind the color tone of the room upon the wall of which it is to hang. A gray mat does not look well on a buff wall, nor a buff on a gray wall. A deep red or gold green is always a pretty safe investment, as these two colors will go with almost any other.

If your particular man plays golf, select some pretty golfing subject, get a dark-green mat and a dark-green binding for your glass, and you have a present which will be showy and not very expensive.

I noticed in the stationery department of one of the large shops, the other day, a "complete *pass-partout* outfit" advertised. A girl who has leisure hours on her hands can easily, by purchasing one of these outfits for a dollar, make *pass-partouts* for all her friends.

I must mention pillows. They are not new, but they are more in evidence to-day than ever. A man or woman can never have too many divan pillows in these days of cosy corners, Oriental, Japanese, and Mexican rooms. Of course, the color pillow is greatly in evidence, but as nearly every man is apt to have one unless you are certain he has none I should leave that article religiously alone.

The chamois-skin pillow looks very well with the man's monogram or crest burned in or painted there. The edge of the skin wants to extend about four or five inches all around, and then fringed out in uneven slashes. It gives a prettier and more appropriate finish this way than a cord or ribbon or silk fringe would.

An Oriental shop on Fifth Avenue is showing some wonderful bargains in Turkish and Arabian cotton pillow-covers, and some remarkably cheap made-up pillows are shown in the window. In the same shop are some pretty draperies, which can be bought by the yard if desired, or in portiere lengths. These are fetching as window curtains, door hangings or divan covers. Some of these materials are very rich in their tones and show good threads and sequins interwoven in their warp.

Handkerchiefs are always acceptable, but do not on any account attempt to buy a cravat for any man. No woman can select a man's necktie, and a man who wears his wife's selection can be spotted by another man at once. He is looked upon as being "henpecked" and wearing "largain-counter" neckties.

A book is always a safe investment. Standard works, fiction and poetry can be purchased so reasonably and so artistically bound that they always make an acceptable present.

Another gift, if you know your man well, is a yearly subscription to some good magazine. This will bring you to his mind every week or month, as the case may be, and a good publication is an ever-recurring source of delight to the man who loves a well-written article on any of the many interesting topics of the day. Thus by the expenditure of a little thought, may the many "Hims" be made happy.

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# A VOTARY IN MOTLEY

By VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK



## I



OLDHAM was further from my mind than Regal Cocks, commonly called "His Shakes," when on a raw day in late October I alighted at the little bare depot of Steele, Michigan.

Hartaling, the tragedian, with his customary lightness of disregard for practical affairs, had had no heavy man in readiness when Leftitt's notice was almost expired. Our arrangements had been made by telegraph, and, joining the company at Steele, I was to play Iago the next night. It was only recovery for me, and I had acted with Hartaling before.

The company was late in getting in, and I missed its arrival. At supper time, as I was walking through the chilly and almost empty dining-room of the town's one hotel, somebody at a table waved a hand and called:

"Lawrence, old man."

"Why, Conley?"

We had never been more than ordinarily friendly, but a one-night stand is a very hothouse for intimacy. I flung myself, metaphorically, into the arms of Gerard Conley, and sat down at the place next his.

"Glad you've come; expected to find you here."

"Expected to find you here, if it comes to that."

"Huh! Didn't leave Grand Rapids till noon."

"What a fool jump! No earlier train?"

"The Lord knows. Saved a couple of dollars on fares, perhaps."

"The Saints preserve us! Hartaling getting economical?"

"Oh, it isn't Hartaling; it's Detley. He runs the company. Says he's keeping the old boy straight. The governor can't comb his hair unless he tells him to." Detley was the business manager.

"How is the governor? Getting portly?"

"No, but a little coarser in the grain. Telfair says he's the healthiest Hamlet playing."

"Telfair still playing juveniles?"

"Yes, and the heavy woman not within five years of her."

"Who else is with you? Anybody I know?"

"No, I think not. Except perhaps Nevius. Well, you know Cocks, I suppose?"

"What—not Regal? Not his Shakes?"

"The same."

"Why, what's Hartaling doing with him?"

"Supporting him."

I laughed, but recollections crowded out my mirth. "Conley," said I, "that man's a mystery to me."

"Well, he isn't to me; I'm sick of his airs—only old bungler! What's he ever been but a hanger-on? Booth, Barrett, Adams, all those men he talks about and sniffs at behind their backs; what was he with 'em for? Why, to go on in mobs, because they were sorry for him! And this eternal Shakespeare business—it isn't funny to me, Lawrence; it's maddening. He hasn't got a patent on Shakespeare, and what's more, he knows no more about the only William than my terrier does. He can bamboozle the boys by quoting at 'em all day long, but not me. He doesn't understand ten lines of Shakespeare."

"I know," said I, "but that's it. Isn't there something interesting in a man making himself the high priest of the Unfathomable?"

"But, Lord love you, he thinks he's the One Great Pathos! He thinks he could teach Booth every time! He thinks God put him on this earth for the sole purpose of interpreting Shakespeare!"

"Yes," I said, "you're sneering, but he does think that. And he rolls out those great mouthfuls of tragedy just as he might roll out lines from Dante without understanding Italian, for the sound of it."

"Ach! you can take my word for it—it's pose. You can't make me believe a man's crazy over poetry that won't spend fifteen cents for a drink. However, since it'll flatter you, the hiker's reciprocal. You're one of the few people Cocks is willing to let live."

Before I could answer, two or three of the men came in, and then the heavy woman—a Miss Ranton, tall, thin and muscular, young and very serious. She ate sparingly and soon retired. Almost as she left, Teresa Telfair came in.

Miss Telfair was also tall, with a faded face, colorless and pretty. She looked tired and rather peevish, and her shoulders were muffled in a whitish woolen shawl, which she drew round her with something not sufficiently decided to be called a shiver. There was about her a sort of boneless, shiftless, waxy ditz, that somehow suggested an old silk waist. She acknowledged my presence in a soft, fretful monotone, and conversation languished. I myself was nervous and uncomfortable. The ineffable desolation of one-night stands settled upon me like a cold mist.

Suddenly, as I was gulping down some pinkish tea, I felt upon my shoulder a rather claw-like pressure, and a deep, cracked, much-mannered voice of inextinguishable melancholy tolled out the words: "Once again our very good friend is with us. Not all the discomfort of the day weighs with this hour."

I reached for Cocks' hand, and he took the chair next me. Conley rose to go, and nodded his head at me. "Coming in front?" said he.

"I don't know, but I may be round for the last act, after I've finished up on Iago,—Oh, but—I! Ingomar! at this stage of the game! Can I?"

"It is a tale."

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

intoned Cocks with his funeral smile.

"Lord, Cocks!" fretted Miss Telfair, rising and pulling at her shawl with a languid viciousness. "We got enough of that in the theatre. Do let us have a rest at meals." Cocks sat back mute. There was a suggestion of the martyr in his manner which was inexpressibly irritating. Miss Telfair trailed from the room, and his Shakes and I were left alone.

My friend toyed meditatively with his spoon before he spoke. "Is it not wonderfully grateful to you," he began, "to return to the fountain-head, Mr. Lawrence? To drink of the waters and to pass the cup to others? Especially after the empty vulgarity that you have known?"

"Yes," I returned, "it is. I think a man who is brought up in the legitimate, Mr. Cocks, hankers after it always."

His Shakes sighed. "The legitimate! I had thought from your remark to Mr. Conley, my dear sir, you were of the stricter faith."

I could not repress a smile. "Ah, well, Mr. Cocks," said I, "give other blank verse a chance! Alas! man cannot live by the best alone."

His Shakes made a slight gesture as though he had refused a dish. "To the nature alien from the Master, there is food in the servants' hall," he said. "Doubtless in this company there is a great drawback, the character of the chief interpreter, a wine-bibber, a witless Falstaff."

A stab of indignation wounded my pity for the man. He was a pensioner on Hartaling's bounty, a useless filler of a position coveted by better men, a concealed, prating old ingrate. "Hartaling is my employer," said I curtly.

Cocks plucked at the tablecloth with thin, weak-jointed fingers. His eyes were shining. "It is that which so offends me," he replied, "The man is a son of ignorance, a butcher, while you are, you—you love Shakespeare."

He said this last with a sudden simplicity, with a thud and tremor that touched and startled me. When I left Regal Cocks for Iago, it was that last note of indisputable, all-excusing sincerity which remained with me. I do not think it was my vanity which could not dislike the man.

As the weeks went by, this sensation of pity, not untouched with admiration, indicated my habitual attitude toward Cocks, and, indeed, I thought the company, as a whole, behaved kindly to the old man. But then, though he was weak and had a racking cough, and life must have been one long discomfort on his tiny salary, he was always ready to do a service, and if his courtesy was somewhat comically, it was full of a pleasure which gave it dignity. Got him away from his one hobby—a hobby that even beyond the ordinary engendered a supercilious aggression—and he was as simple as a child. His mind puttered about continually among roseate dreams and little witless fancies. He could never have known the meaning of guile, and at sixty his heart was all romance. He went through life as blindly as he had gone through Shakespeare, and as confidently; even

his little affectations were so natural it would have been an affectation to abjure them. Now most of these peculiar, pedantic old gentlemen are at heart egotists, and cocooned in a panoply of conceit which our best directed rudeness cannot penetrate; but his Shakes was gentle, shrink before a slight, and must be approved by everybody.

The gossip about him ran as to whether or no he was a hypocrite; whether the Shakespearean manner were a pose—in which case it was not altogether without precedent—or a vitality, which seemed impossible. After a time he answered that question to our satisfaction, and this was the manner of the answer.

## II

Our little-respected, much-liked star, Leonard Hartaling, was a gentleman who cared for nothing on earth but what he called "his fun." On account of his fair, heavy, slow beauty and huge voice, he had a certain following all over the country, and more especially in one-night stands; but he would sacrifice business, reputation, and even appearance, to "his fun." He liked to break up serious scenes by giving to play practical jokes on newspaper men, to tease his audience. Worst of all, he had an overbearing partiality for the cup that cheers and too frequently inebriates. Now, his chief idea of "fun" was to make other men drink of that cup with him. It is so detestable a trait that I scarcely know how to account for it in that big, stupid, generous heart; but it was there, and almost to have incapacitated a man of his own company, a man who bore a share in a performance which raised or lowered Hartaling's own income, was to him the best joke in the world. Many and many a night he and his confederate would arrive at the theatre almost as the overture began, and would settle on to the stage with thick utterances and blotchy make-ups. But this was mainly before Detley's day.

Now, during the latter part of the fall and well into the winter, Detley had been keeping a pretty tight hold on Hartaling. He was a lean little man, with a keen, dry manner, and he had a wholesome influence over the big yellow-haired dunder who employed him. It was with considerable uneasiness that he left us on the 22d of December, and he was on to await us in Denerton, where we were to open with a Christmas matinee of "Hamlet," and play three nights. It was not his place to go, but the advance man was ill and never very clever, and Denerton was a big place and worth working.

For a day or two Hartaling kept straight, and then, on Christmas Eve, he came to the theatre in the condition which Sir Walter Raleigh engagingly describes as "moderate pleasant." Now, he was pleasant also, but scarcely moderate. The rest of us were virtuously cross; every one was miserable at the thought of the night's travelling, for we were to leave on the midnight train, and to reach Denerton at six in the morning.

When we assembled in the cold, half lighted depot, every one was present except Hartaling and Nevius. Reilly, the poor little stage-manager, burdened with unsought responsibility, was fretting about the platform, when, ten minutes before train time, a boy arrived with a note, the contents of which Reilly was glad to share with us. It ran:

Take company through to Denerton. Nevius with me. Will follow by morning train. HARTALING.

I suppose the rest of the company thought as little about the affair as I did until noon next day. People who are doing one night stands think as little as possible about anything. I entered the theatre at 1.30 on Christmas afternoon, and found the atmosphere resolutely g-y and little presents lying about among the women. Ten minutes later a vague and questioning agitation had crept into the dressing-rooms and made itself felt by hurrings and little shivers. But the truth, when it came, was none the less a blow: Hartaling was not in town.

Gasp by gasp the story came out. Detley and his subordinate had met the noon train in vain. Telegrams elicited the fact that Hartaling had not been to his hotel all night. His whereabouts were still unknown. Nevius was missing. And in the front of the house the biggest audience of the season was already settling itself.

About the time that the overture should have been rung in, Detley, pale, and with his lips twitching, walked into the corridor between the dressing-rooms. He went from door to door with a single question, and the answer was invariably in the negative. Young Thompson, who played Rosencrantz, was already making up in lieu of Nevius for the ghost, but no one was ready with Hamlet. In a company of legitimate actors, where were old stagers ripe with experience, and young amateurs, all with ambition, it still seems incredible, but it was so. Precisely Detley came into my room, and found there old M. S. Wallace in her street dress, myself, a couple of the other men, and Tess Telfair, ready for Ophelia, thronged upon my trunk. "Lawrence," he said, "can't you save an eight hundred dollar house—can't you go on for Hamlet?"

"Detley," said I, "I could place any line in the repertoire, if you started it for me, but I'm blest if I could get even rough perfect in Hamlet under a couple of hours."

"Couldn't you wing it?" asked somebody. I shook my head. Detley sucked his lips. One of the boys sniggered. "Why don't you go to his Shakes?" he said. "I'll bet he's up in every line."

Detley looked up with his face working. Then he went suddenly out of the room. Miss Telfair started up with her



HE LOOKED ROUND THE AUDIENCE . .



hands clinched. "If they send on that old man," she declared, "I don't put a foot on the stage." She looked superbly angry: arrayed for the stage, she was a different creature from the listless lady of the hotels. She was aglow with life and color, and something primitive and feminine shone in her and glorified her every rage.

Detley returned in a minute or two. "Cocks," he said, with his odd, cold excitement, "is going to play the part. I rely on all the ladies and gentlemen to assist him."

Tess looked at him. "You are going to make an apology to the audience?" she demanded.

Detley's eyes shifted a little. "These are—or—holiday people, not regular theatre-goers. They don't—or—know Hartalung."

"You are going to make an apology to the audience, or I don't put a foot on that stage."

"Miss Telfair—" began Detley, through his teeth.

She continued, not more loudly, but with increasing vehemence: "I am not going to be made more ridiculous than I can help by playing opposite to any doddering old idiot you may shove on because you can't find your star."

She collapsed into her ordinary manner of private life. "Oh, another Oh-yes, if you want," she said.

"Oh! Tess, Teresa!" I cried, "don't be so unprofessional!"

I dolged both her look and Detley's, and, leaving them to fight it out, went to see after his Shakes.

I found him in what should have been Hartalung's dressing-room, surrounded by willing helpers. The poor old face had never looked so shrunken, and the curls of the blond wig seemed to leer at him. He had black rights and sandals of his own, but Hartalung's great doublet hung round him in a manner that would have excited the derision of a guinea-pig.

He looked so foolish, frail and old that the great chain with the locket seemed to weigh down his shoulders, and yet, at that moment, he was the

happiest man in Denmark.

"You come must carefully upon your hour," he cried out to me. "I am glad that you have come. Will you walk with me to the stage?"

When we arrived there, we found that the gallant Tess had carried her point, and Detley was just then stepping before the curtain.

Detley's speech was very brief. He said that Hartalung's train had been delayed, that he would certainly be there for the evening's performance, and that the character of Hamlet would be essayed that afternoon by Mr. Regal Cocks. The usual kindly flutter of applause followed the name, but a

man in the gallery crowd shrilly and raised a laugh. Cocks himself did not even hear it. Detley added that the dissatisfied might chain their money at the box-office, but very few went out. An audience once seated

wants its performance; if not the better, the worse.

During the battlement scene, Cocks stood waiting for the change of set with his hand on my arm. He was nervous, not with apprehension, but with a heady, fine excitement, and his eyes shone gratefully through tears. He mumbled to him self a little, and then he said:

"If at the end they should require from me a few poor words, it were not well to grudge them. I would dwell on my apprenticeship years, on the dear drudgery, on my cruel love—" His voice broke, and when he spoke again it was with one of his sudden fine simplicities. "I do not blush at my emotion," he said; "this is the crown of all my life."

The inexorable slipping of by time went on, and the moment came when from my wooden throne I looked down with an almost unmanly concern upon that doomed enthusiast. The moment he took the stage there went through the audience something too faint and indefinite to be called a titter, but yet a something, and that derisive. His cracked, melancholy voice intoned the simple opening lines without giving much offence, for they are not lacking who conceive of Hamlet as a Dead March in a monochrome, but he no sooner reached "this too solid flesh," than a surprised smile arose, and "The king my father!" which Cocks gave in an amazing, guttural outcry, and with an extraordinary creaking of joints, a girl giggled aloud and two or three near her sniggered.

I kept out of Cocks' way during his wait, but when his scene with the ghost came on my curiosity got the better of me, and I sat down in the entrance. I began to wish we had never entered upon this anxious expedient, but yet I had an interest in seeing it through. Of the scene itself I have not words to tell. Maury a burlesque is not so funny, but the tragedy was what rose in my mouth and tasted bitter. For here was a man, old, weak and gentle, indifferent to his painful and ridiculous appearance, divesting himself of the last rags of dignity, strutting, mouthing, twisting and bel-lowing so that one blushed for him; for him, the devotee and martyr! The audience, even that audience, continually started and stirred and rustled, and at his entrance with the sword there was another burst of giggling. The curtain went down in quite a little gale of laughter and applause, and when I took his Shakes into my room to rest I found, from his triumphant tremor, that it was only the latter he had heard. His skin was hot and dry, and he looked at me with burning eyes.

"Ah!" he said, "they are coming my way! They needed but

the guidance! At first they knew not how to take me, but now they are set thinking."

Their state of mind, truly enough, was changing. It grew from a jesting incredulity to the good-humored contempt of an American crowd, from that to a noisy but still half-amused disgust, and from that to anger—an anger to be reckoned with.

By the end of the second act an ominous silence, a portentous common understanding, had spread among the audience.

When I went on for the third act I was aware of this; they were too tensely still, too polite; they were waiting.

After our exit, I stood in the wing gripping Tessie's shoulder, uncomfortably eager for Cocks to enter, and, even as I watched him do so, came the advance-guard of the storm.

He was greeted with a thunder of applause; above this rose the sound of men's voices crowing; in that corner of the gallery which I could see the crows stood up and dapped their bent arms like wings. His Shakes bowed slightly. He disliked the interruption, and was puzzled by its form, but he didn't in the least recognize it.

"To be, or not to be—" he began; a perfect yell of "Not! Not! Nit!" stopped him. His Shakes looked round the audience with a deeply speculative glance. Even in the parquet men were laughing loudly, and some few were joining in the crows and cat-calls; here and there a woman said "Oh, don't!" but with smiling lips. His Shakes gathered himself together and went on amid a rain of jeers, of laughing comments and knocking advice. His conception of the soliloquy was an active one; when he came to the phrase "No more," he gave it with a wild, whining bellow and a backward shudder that was almost a leap.

And at that the audience rose en masse, and in a deluge of cat-calls, hisses, whistles, crowings and derisive yells the Hamlet of Regal Cocks, nicknamed his Shakes, was drowned forever.

long, puissant breaths, she was a figure to catch even the complacent, victorious brutality of that crowd, as well as its dazed distress, and set it gazing. With a single motion, confident and free, she conquered every look and spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "men and women, if there are any among you who care to bear those titles, I am here to tender you an apology and to offer satisfaction. Your Hamlet, ladies and gentlemen, was turned into a farce, but do not think you shall be defrauded of your tragedy. The old man who offended you will never do so again; he is dying."

The audience drew in its breath with a sharp gasp.

"I have to say in his behalf that he was not a volunteer; that he went into this afternoon's trial at the command of his superior, as a soldier goes into battle. He was doing his best, he was old, he was ill; he did what he did that you might not be disappointed of your Christmas entertainment. I hope it may be a great satisfaction to you that you have killed him."

She stood for an instant gazing at them with her great impassioned eyes, and then she courted deeply and was gone. The hushed audience gathered up its wraps and slunk away. Once on the sidewalk, little groups spoke quietly, but with concentration. Here and there a woman's eyes filled with nervous tears. There was many a Christmas appetite spoiled that day.

### III

Behind the scenes the last act of the tragedy drew simply to its close. The supporting company might be hysterical, but the chief actor was quiet enough, and had at last achieved repose.

He lay in his dressing-room upon a bed hastily improvised upon two trunks with skirts and draperies. He was quite conscious when the doctor came, and answered the grave "This is not your first hemorrhage?" with a shake of his head.

"The third?"

The head of the aged Hamlet nodded indifferently, his eyes closed, and he drifted into a faint. The members of the company looked at one another. If he had talked an insufferable deal about Shakespeare, he had at least kept his own complaint out of the conversation.

The conscientious Miss Ranton spoke to the doctor in the hall, and his answer spread like the cold breath of a fog: "It is a question of a few hours."

It was not yet six o'clock. Most of the company went back to the hotel for something to eat. Tess, Miss Ranton and myself stayed with the sick man. I had supper sent in to us. Miss Ranton ate nothing; Tess and I touched little, except the cocktails. Miss Ranton sat in one corner, most of the time with her face buried in her hands. I walked up and down the corridor outside, and there was no noise but the sound of my own footsteps. Over everything there was an air of waiting.

About half-past six the back-door man, stepping softly, came to me with a bouquet in his hand. "A lady and gentleman brought it," he said. "They hope it," he said. "They hope Mr. Cocks was not so ill as was first reported, and they begged to assure him of their respectful sympathy."

The respectful sympathy of the man's own manner was such that we could not manage to look each other in the face.

When I brought the flowers to Tess, she began to cry.

It was the first time I had ever seen her do anything of the kind, and I stood by embarrassed. She laid the blossoms against the poor old face and crooned over them.

"You would have liked them so much," she said, "a little while ago." And then she suddenly sat up straight, and her eyes were shining. "Lawrence," she began, "go to the hotel and find all of our own people you can. Tell them I am making up a collection for flowers for Cocks. It's not—" and she began to laugh hysterically—"it's not as pretentious as it sounds. I'll explain afterward. And use all you can spare of your own."

She got her purse and handed me two dollars and a quarter.

"Christinas, you know," she said, apologetically, "and salary not till Tuesday. But get all you can and buy different kinds of flowers, and get the best. Tell them I am making up a collection for flowers for Cocks. It's not—" and she began to laugh hysterically—"it's not as pretentious as it sounds. I'll explain afterward. And use all you can spare of your own."

"Go! Go! He may wake any minute."

It was gone on for eight when I returned. Tess had changed her dress and freshened her make-up, for the duty of presenting an unruffled front to the audience comes before all other duties whatsoever. I had made out purchases with an eye mainly to quantity, and the bare little dressing-room soon bloomed like a flower show.

Hartalung was with us now (but his importance seemed somehow to have shrunk), and the closet scene was just on when Tess knocked at my door. "Are you down?" she said in a low voice. "Will you come?" She was gone without an answer. When I with a couple of the others reached her room she was already kneeling by the bedside and striving to warm into animation his listless but now conscious gaze. She had taken both his hands into her comfortable clasp, and she was looking compellingly into his face.



"LET ME SEE HOW STRONG YOU ARE," SHE SAID

For at last he realized what all this was. Then in its sudden sharpness, the poor old face seemed really to fall in and to leave unduly prominent the horror of his eyes—eyes so full of bewilderment, of shock and misery, of reproach and anguish and surprise. And if any had thought him other than a brave man, this was no time for them; he stood looking into that pit of howling faces, and he went on again with his lines. Ah! poor "His Shakes!"—destined to be undignified even in heroism! How he screamed, and shook with his screaming! Above the continued, growing tumult his voice, that was now a sharp treble, could occasionally be heard; "Flesh is heir to . . . to die, to sleep . . . what dreams—" He stopped suddenly with one hand on his breast and the fingers of the other trembling round his mouth. Reilly, with an insane loudness which did not carry, was calling, "Ring down! Ring down!" In front, the ordinary, good-natured men and women were turned for the moment to mere wild beasts, frenzied over their own wit and daring, and were determined to let nothing go forward. "Rug down!" yelled Reilly, dancing and waving his arms. His Shakes heard and motioned a negation; he lifted his head, and in a bray that sounded above the din he shot out the words, "When we have shuffled off—" Again he stopped; again he put one hand to his breast and the other to his mouth. At that moment Reilly's efforts succeeded; the curtain began to descend, and, as it fell, his Shakes fell also, and lay, a strange little crumpled heap, upon the stage!

Though confusion, uproar, reproaches, perplexity and terror may have been as rampant before the curtain as behind it, their subjects were not left long to doubt, nor, if their inclinations that way lay, to triumph. While people were still fumbling with their outdoor things, the edge of the curtain was moved back, and with a sudden splendid gesture Tess Telfair stepped before the audiences. All in white, her heavy hair streaming also, and lay, a strange little crumpled heap, upon the stage!

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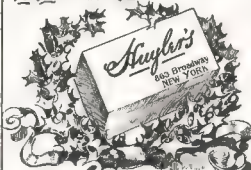
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"Let me see how strong you are," she said. "Let me see if I dare show you your flowers."

At his faint look of question, she turned a little with her arms out, and we heaped the fragrant bunches into them. She leaned to him till the blossoms swept his face and breast, and smiled. "Aren't they lovely? Aren't you proud? Where did they come from?" Why, this!—turning up the pendant card and reading from it—from Mr. and Mrs. Ross—but you wouldn't know the names. Just the different people that were in the house, you know. Why, don't you understand? Don't you remember that there was a great deal of disturbance during the performance? Well, it came from a society, the Anti-Shakespeare Club that had determined to do *everything* down. It seems that their disturbances are well known here, so that they had to buy their seats in scattered couples, and that was why it sounded as though the whole house had risen against us. But the literary people in the town, and those interested in art, have been dreadfully disturbed about it, and they have been sending notes and flowers ever since the afternoon. They are afraid no more companies will come to Dennerton, and, at any rate, they wish to express their admiration for the one true Hamlet they have ever seen—their admiration for the artist and their sympathy for the man.

The actress paused and looked up at us for the first time, calmly and proudly. The breath of Regal Cocks fluttered with eagerness; his wide eyes stared hungrily into her face.

"But this bunch," she went on, lifting the handsomest, "is from the President of the Anti-Shakespeare Club. His letter says that if he had ever before realized what Shakespeare meant, he could never have lent himself to such an absurdity. He says that he and his friends have been bored all their lives by people who made Shakespeare into a fetish without really knowing a thing about him, and that they determined to make a protest against this blind worship. But you—at last you've brought them to their senses; at last they comprehend Shakespeare." She slipped down upon the floor and shielded her eyes with her hand.

But the pale face of his Shukes was alight with an ineffable happiness, a kind of noble complacency. He began to speak, in a weak, slow fashion that was still charged with something mannered and oratorical:

"It has been all the endeavor of my life—" His strength failed him and his head dropped back, but his fingers kept their hold on the flowers.

After a time, with a little smile, he said, in a voice that was no more than a breath, "His Majesty shall have tribute of me." They were the last words we heard him speak.

And Tess just had time to read the news in the face of the hurriedly summoned doctor when she was called for the mad scene.

THE END

TESS TELFAIR STEPPED BEFORE THE AUDIENCE

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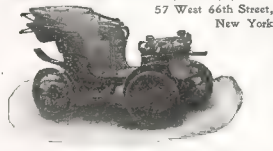
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## HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT WORKING

EVERY little while some locality or some country or even the whole civilized world is excited by the news that some clever man or clique of men, having determined to play for high stakes and to get rich fast, is endeavoring to "corner" some commodity; that absolute control of it is sought with a view to putting up the price, and almost instantly a craze for speculation begins.

Almost from the beginning of time there have been "corners" or speculative crazes of one kind or another. Joseph ran one in the days of Pharaoh, although not with the same motive that has actuated others since then. Joseph's "corner" was in corn, and he spent seven years accumulating the stock that proved so useful to him when the time of famine came. But his motive was humanitarian rather than mercenary; he had no desire to put up the price, but only to provide sustenance for those in his charge. Still, as "all Egypt" had to go to him for corn finally, his venture certainly comes under the general classification.

When the people of Holland became interested in tulips, it was different. Still, the craze reached such proportions that in 1634 they were quoted on the Amsterdam exchange and regular speculative markets were provided for them in other cities. For more than two years the people of Holland lived in an atmosphere of fictitious wealth. Every one who had tulips was accounted rich, and apparently nearly every one had tulips. So long as all wanted to buy values were sustained, but in course of time it became necessary for many to sell in order to live and others decided that they were rich enough in tulips. As a natural result prices tumbled, fortunes disappeared, men were ruined in a night or even an hour, and—well, it took Amsterdam a good many years to recover from the shock of the bursting of the tulip bulb boom.

In this country about 1836, people became practically insane over mulberry trees. The silkworm was supposed to have a fondness for mulberry leaves, and the idea became prevalent that if a man only had enough mulberry trees of a certain variety the silkworms would do the rest. A Baltimore man imported some of the trees from France and began selling slips from them. That was the beginning. Everybody had to have slips, if he couldn't afford to buy and transplant the trees themselves, and from one end of the country to the other women began planning for new silk gowns and men for a life of independent ease while the silkworms worked.

This was not as disastrous as the tulip bulb craze of Holland, but some idea of the amount of money that was wasted may be gained from the fact that eighty thousand dollars was realized from one auction sale of slips and trees at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1839. Nurserymen everywhere did a wonderfully profitable business, but most of them invested the money in more trees from France, so when the crash came they were in no better shape than their customers.

## FOOD

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One day after he had cried bitterly for an hour, I suggested that my wife try him on Grape-Nuts. She soaked two teaspoonfuls in a saucer with a little sugar and warm milk. This baby ate so ravenously that she fixed a second which he likewise finished. It was not many days before he forgot all about being nursed, and has since lived almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. To-day the boy is strong and robust, and as cute a mischief-maker as a thirteen months old baby is expected to be.

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HARVARD

YALE

## A REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON



ONE WHO SAW the crowd of some thirty-seven thousand spectators at the Harvard-Yale game, a crowd drawn from the very centre of New England's most conservative stronghold, needs to be told that football is the best-beloved of the college sports. No one who has followed the spread of that sport into one and another of the smaller schools and colleges, until from Maine to California and from the Canadian border to Texas it has gained possession of the months of October and November, has any disposition to question the right of football to the columns upon columns of print telling of the doings of rushers and backs on those time-marked fields known as "grid-irons."

The season of 1901 was one of the most successful from the standpoint of sport of any in the history of the game.

Harvard came to the front in the East, Michigan and Wisconsin in the Middle West, California on the Pacific Coast, Williams won the championship in the triangular New England League, Syracuse sprang into high rank, Dartmouth finally turned the tables upon Brown, Union won the New York State Championship and West Point took revenge for her last year's defeat by Annapolis.

The style of play of teams in general was far better rounded out, because, profiting from indications of the previous year, that drawing a tackle-back from the line gave greater compactness and more discipline to the attack while at the same time not seriously crippling the speed or capacity of a team for defence, there was hardly an eleven in the field that did not develop some real power of offense.

Harvard took the leadership, with Yale second; and, after these, West Point, Princeton, Cornell, Lafayette, Syracuse, Columbia, Annapolis, Pennsylvania, and the Carlisle Indians, not classing, or rather classing separately, the New England and Middle West teams. The history of the leaders is worth a little study.

The Harvard team of 1901 progressed slowly at first, and then more rapidly, until just before the Pennsylvania game it was coming very fast, and this pace it kept up until it reached its main game of the season, the Yale contest, in which the team work and the individual performance were of the very highest type. Unity of effort, life and dash combined made the team irresistible. The eleven that represented the Crim-

son in the game of November 23 was more of a team than any Harvard has ever turned out before. The date of the team's conception of what work was to be done seems to have come just after the West Point game. That contest showed it the absolute necessity of each man making his effort in every play, and the lesson was the most valuable one which came to the coaches and players during the entire season. The contrast between Harvard in her West Point game and Harvard in her Pennsylvania game was really phenomenal, considering the space of time elapsing between the two contests. Of all the teams in the country playing derivations of the tackle-back formation there was not one in which the attack was so concerted or so consistently productive of gains as that exhibited by the Harvard team in the final contest.

The positions of Harvard and Yale in 1900 were reversed in 1901. In 1900 Harvard had gone along steadily throughout the year proving practically unbeatable until in the final contest the two best teams of the season met and the result was an overwhelming victory for Yale. This year Yale had proceeded in the same way, having defeated Princeton most conclusively on the Saturday before her Harvard match, but, journeying to Cambridge, met a defeat by only six points less than she administered to her rival the previous year at New Haven.

## YALE

The play of the Yale team throughout the season had been severely criticised by the general school of Yale football. It was painfully apparent that the team had never succeeded in getting together for any length of time, and that it could not be depended upon save for occasional spurts, and no amount of labor seemed to improve the situation. Changes in players and in their positions also had no satisfactory effect. The Princeton game was even further proof of the fact that the team could not play together; for repeatedly, with the ball within scoring distance, the Yale eleven was unable to hold together long enough to put it over, although strong enough eventually to win the game. In the Harvard game it became a question of team play against lack of team play, and the result was the downfall of the Yale eleven.

## WEST POINT

West Point has made the most brilliant record in her history. She played its games with Yale and Princeton, was beaten by a remarkable run occurring in the very nick of time in the Harvard contest, administered a telling defeat to Pennsylvania, and wound up the season by defeating her dearest rival, the Navy, by a score of 11 to 5. In this game she gave evidences of having fallen off considerably, both in offensive and defensive work, and the game

proved closer than any one had anticipated, Daly, the ex-Harvard captain, doing all the scoring for her, and his brilliant run of the entire length of the field from the Navy's kick-off in the second half giving the Army its winning score. The contest between the two teams, however, was higher grade football than any the two Academies have put up before. There were almost no muffs or fumbles, the play was well generalised, and the work remarkably consistent.

## PRINCETON

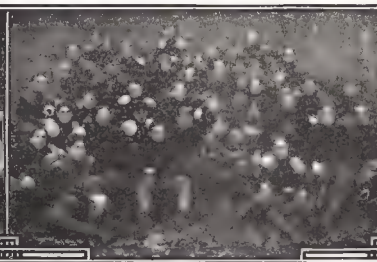
Princeton, up to the time of her ninth game of the season, had given evidence of especial strength so far as public form was concerned, and her scores would have indicated great promise had it not been that the team she met were too inferior to give a fair measure of the value of either her offense or her defence. The Lafayette game was accepted as a pretty strong recommendation of Princeton's quality, although her eleven won by only a single score.

The Cornell game, in which the two teams played each other almost to a standstill, Princeton finally winning by a score of 8 to 6, made people more doubtful, and this doubt was further increased by a tie game with West Point, 6 to 6. Most serious of all, however, was the fact that these three games, after the very easy work of the first seven, used up the Princeton men so that by the time the West Point game was finished they were in anything but good physical shape. Nevertheless, their friends had much confidence in them, and they justified that confidence by the way in which they struggled against odds in their final and most important match, that with Yale at New Haven, where they were finally beaten 12 to 0, but where they also made an excellent showing in the latter part of the second half.

Cornell had the most satisfactory season, so far as consistency of play was concerned, in her history. It is true that there have been times when she has beaten Princeton. In fact, this happened for two years previous to 1901. But upon those occasions her team had apparently been brought on edge too early in the season and had fallen off most lamentably toward the end. This year the performance was consistent throughout, and Princeton alone defeated her, and that by the very narrow margin of a safety. Meantime, Cornell defeated Carlisle 17 to 0, swamped Columbia 24 to 0, and finally wound up the season by defeating Pennsylvania 22 to 6. There were some traces, in this last game, of the annual falling off, for the team was certainly not in anything like the scoring form displayed in the Columbia game; but, for all that, was altogether too strong for Pennsylvania.



PRINCETON



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# SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

## LAFAYETTE

Lafayette held Princeton to a single score, defeated Syracuse, the vaquisher of Columbia, 5 to 0, and, if one leaves out her two games played against the professional teams, was only scored upon three times, once by Princeton, once by Brown, and once by Susquehanna.

## SYRACUSE

Syracuse did not play a very strong list of teams and was weak in defense in her Amherst game, where the New Englanders scored 11 points. But Syracuse's attack was powerful, and against Amherst, even though badly scored upon, that attack pulled her out with a victory, 28 to 17. She defeated Columbia 11 to 5, Brown 20 to 0, and held the strong Lafayette team down to 5 points.

## COLUMBIA

Columbia had a most erratic season. A defeat by Buffalo in the opening match started her off disastrously. Then a close game with Williams, in which she won out only by a single score, followed by a defeat at the hands of Harvard, 18 to 0, led people to look with much doubt upon the outcome of her contest with Yale. In that game, however, she put up her best play of the season, and scored a drop-kick goal, at the same time holding Yale down to two touchdowns. Then she defeated Pennsylvania 10 to 0 and Georgetown 18 to 0. By none more the decisive game, and Syracuse beat her 11 to 5. Cornell beat her 24 to 0, and Annapolis, though defeated, held her to a 6-5 match. After this succession of setbacks, Columbia drew a long breath and prepared for her annual contest with the Indians. Here once more she showed traces of her old-time form and defeated Carlisle 40 to 12.

## ANNAPOLIS

Annapolis was at her best at just the proper time, namely, upon the day of her important contest with West Point, and it took all that wonderful little general and player, Daly, could do against the Navy team to bring off a victory for the Army by a single score. Annapolis defeated Pennsylvania 6 to 5. For fighting against odds and making the very most of itself the Naval Academy team deserves a high place.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania passed through the most depressing season she has ever experienced. The team started out fairly well, beating Lehigh 28 to 0, Pennsylvania State 23 to 6, Franklin and Marshall 6 to 0, Swarthmore 28 to 0, Brown 26 to 0, Virginia 20 to 5, but then the lack of heavy and experienced men seemed to begin to tell, and Annapolis defeated her 6 to 5. She was fortunate in finding Chicago weak this year, and with good spirit and dash pulled out the game hers, 11 to 0. Then came a succession of five games which proved the crowning blow to the hopes of Pennsylvania. Columbia defeated her 10 to 0, Harvard defeated her 33 to 6; she won out a game from the Carlisle Indians by two points, 16 to 14; West Point beat her 24 to 0, and Cornell took her final revenge for years of defeat by beating her 22 to 6.

## CARLISLE

The Carlisle Indians fell back this year, but played a most creditable game with Pennsylvania, losing with some measure of hard luck, 14 to 16. They also defeated Bucknell, a strong team, 6 to 5.

## BUCKNELL

Bucknell came strongly into the reckoning and had three very good games in the schedule, namely, Cornell, whom she held to six points, Pennsylvania, whom she also held to six, and the Indians, who just beat her as above stated. Bucknell defeated Lehigh 10 to 0, but was beaten by Washington and Jefferson 11 to 5.

## MIDDLE-WEST FOOTBALL

The public enjoyed a particularly brilliant season in the Middle West this year. With the exception of Chicago, all the old favorites of the fans signaled their return to the front ranks by consistently drubbing the teams which made records in 1900 at the expense of the old-established eleven.

Michigan and Wisconsin found their own again, while Illinois and Minnesota kept up a good standard in the Middle West this year. The former more than retrieved the record of last season, when Michigan fell by the wayside and Wisconsin made only a fair record.

Iowa, Nebraska and the other eleven which forged ahead in 1900 went down to defeat this season as fast as they met the old universities. The record established by Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The former won 1 was especially good, all three teams winning every game they played by big scores. The Wisconsin-Minnesota game put the latter eleven out of the reckoning for honors in the Middle-Western field and left the championship contention to Michigan

and Wisconsin. Both these teams remain undefeated, and nothing but a meeting would settle the question, although Michigan claims precedence on the ground that it has not been scored against and that it is the only team in the country that has a clean record in that respect.

Michigan's claim to pre-eminence is good, but the Wisconsin eleven, even though scored against by a minor team, can in no way be estimated as inferior. Michigan went through the season at a rapid gait, scoring the immense total of 501 points against her opponents' 0, and registering the colossal scores of 129 against Buffalo and 89 against Beloit. Michigan possessed a rapid style of play and the men never seemed to tire.

Wisconsin remained an uncertain quantity until she met Minnesota, and then her football merits became apparent. In that game Minnesota's heavy team was literally played to a standstill. The "Hoophers" slumped badly and did not play their usually clever game, but this was owing to the fact that in Wisconsin they had an opponent far better than any they had met before. Minnesota at first was confident of winning, but Wisconsin's formidable line, flying back-field and fast ends and Driver's punting demoralized her. In the second half of the game she improved and played a superior game, but Wisconsin had already won.

Chicago was badly handicapped from start to finish. There were few good players at hand and none was developed.

Illinois was better off, the team seemed to the great satisfaction of all old football followers whose thoughts wandered back to the days when Illinois, Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin comprised the great football teams of the Middle West.

Minnesota had a team of giants this year and played a consistent game of football. The great weight of the team seemed to render it slow, but no eleven could cope with it until the speedy Badgers demonstrated their superiority.

The Northwestern team, after several seasons of hard luck, presented an eleven this year which played a splendid game. The Diez brothers excelled on the line, eleven, and their work was always the feature when Northwestern played. The latter institution came nearer to championship honors than it ever did before.

All in all, the Middle-Western season has been one which tended to advance the interest in football. Keen interest was taken in all the games, the largest crowds were in attendance. The Thanksgiving games in Chicago, held after all question of championship merits had been settled, emphasized the fact that the Middle-Western public has grown to love the modern college game, over twenty thousand people assembling to witness the Chicago-Wisconsin and Iowa-Michigan games.

The selection of an All-Western team this season is not an easy matter, considering the demonstrated merits of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois and Northwestern, and the fifty-five regular players on these teams. There were numerous players in the Middle-West the past season, almost every team boasting one or two, and some possessing more. Heston and Sweely of Michigan, Horton of Chicago, Thorpe of Minnesota, Dietz of Northwestern, Cochems and Larson of Wisconsin, Hinton of Illinois, and Winkler of Iowa, are established names that are above the average. Redden of Michigan, who played left end until the Thanksgiving game, was regarded as one of the best ends ever seen in the West, but he has been debarré for professionalism by the faculty and can hardly be figured in with the others on the second team.

Michigan made his mark at the outset of Wisconsin was even better than last year, when he established himself as almost the equal of Michigan's greatest player and all-round athlete, Neil Snow. Merrill of Beloit, Rogers of Minnesota, Elbott of Northwestern, McNab of Chicago and Cook of Illinois were also above the average at the end positions.

Page of Minnesota seemed, during the season, to be the best centre in the Middle West, but Lowenthal of Illinois proved his superior in the Illinois-Minnesota game. The most brilliant tackle the Middle West produced was Shortz of Michigan.

Nearly every team in the West was lacking in a star quarter-back, and Weeks of Michigan, who played a clean, steady game throughout the season, was undoubtedly the best.

The following All-Western team is a representative eleven picked from the leading universities: Left end, Snow, Michigan; left tackle, Flannigan, Chicago; left guard, Flynn, Minnesota; centre, Lowenthal, Illinois; right guard, Larson, Wisconsin; right tackle, Shortz, Michigan; right end, Juncos, Wisconsin; quarter, Weeks, Michigan; left half, Heston, Michigan; right half, Larson, Wisconsin; full-back, Dietz, Northwestern.

In next week's issue the All-America team will be named. WALTER CAMP.

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## AMERICAN SCHOOLMASTERS WANTED IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE APPEARANCE of the American schoolmaster in the Philippines is a sign of impending changes in the whole archipelago which must surpass in importance even those which have been created by war.

The system of education mapped out for the islands in the coming years is more comprehensive than ever before introduced in any Oriental land. Not even Japan, with her modern progressiveness, nor India under English rule, ever attempted to reach all classes with a free and liberal education such as our government proposes to give to the natives of the Philippine Islands. The school system will extend over the whole archipelago, and will not be confined to Manila and the better-known provinces. Schools are to be established everywhere. The first call for the present year was for one thousand teachers, but double that number could be used to-day. One of the most promising features of the case is the eagerness and sympathy shown by the people in the movement. There is absolutely no opposition displayed to the system in any quarter, nor is there need of the slightest compulsion to induce the natives to take up English studies.

The new school system, contemplating the expenditure of one and a half million dollars, the teachers' salaries for the first year, and probably nearly double this sum for the second and third years. The one thousand teachers engaged for work at present draw salaries ranging from nine hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

The force of American teachers now at work in the islands represents fairly the American type and spirit of progress in educational matters. Some of these teachers have been volunteers in the army, and they chose to stay to help educate the people they had conquered. Not a few of them were teachers and professional men in their own country, and they are fully capable of doing the work that they are now called upon to perform. It is notorious that the average American volunteer is capable of teaching and farming as well as fighting, and before the present school system was established some of the soldiers had started elementary schools near the places where they were stationed.

There will be established within a short time on the islands half a dozen or more normal institutes, and twenty-five normal schools have undertaken to co-operate with these pioneer educators in the islands by sending some of their best men across the wide Pacific. Natives who become familiar with English and elementary studies so that they are capable of teaching children are sent on fair salaries to towns and provinces where it would be unwise at present to send Americans. It is hoped that this system of co-operation with the native teachers will tend to originate a new era of enlightenment in the darkest parts of the islands. The first schoolmasters would be in jeopardy of their lives without some adequate guard, but in such places the native teachers run no risks. Increased pay is given to these native teachers according to their proficiency, and incentives are held out to them to become more proficient in order that they may command higher wages. They can easily double their salaries by studying special courses in English and history, and most of them are

industriously availing themselves of the facilities given them by the American governments.

Training the natives in carving, drawing and the mechanical arts will also occupy the Americans in charge of the educational system, the average Filipino evincing considerable natural talent in many of these lines. These industrial and manual training schools will in time prove of inestimable value to the natives who wish to enter the trades and industries to compete with the Chinese and Japanese. The whole policy of the American educational system at present aims to teach the natives to help themselves. This is emphasized in nearly all of the branches. In accomplishing this result the authorities are determined to practically transform the inhabitants, making of them useful citizens, more capable of developing the resources of their country than if they were given a free rein to concern themselves with political conditions and thus inevitably fall a prey to evil influences. A few thousand Yankee schoolmasters "turned loose" on the islands are pretty sure to bring about a moral, intellectual and educational revolution that will exceed in ultimate results any of the more violent eruptions for which the islands have been noted in all time past.



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A Colorado camp cook had to quit his job because he could not make coffee without drinking it himself and it was killing him. He says he used to take a cup of coffee before he got his breakfast for the men, for he felt the need of keeping up his strength and his stomach troubled him so much.

"Finally," he says, "I got so bad I was taken to the hospital. The doctor told me it was a clear case of coffee poisoning and if I did not quit I would never get well. I had to quit in the hospital and gradually got a little better, then I took to drinking Postum Food Coffee and took it out with me to a job in the woods.

I have been using Postum steadily for about eighteen months and have entirely recovered from dyspepsia, and all my old aches and ails. My eyes are so well now that I can see the gun sights as good as anybody, but two years ago I never could hunt because of my eyes. I know it is the quitting of coffee and using Postum that has benefited me. Nobody could have dyspepsia any worse than I had. All my neighbors thought I was going to die, but I am all right now. I have to send thirty-five miles to the city of Trinidad for my Postum, but it is worth while." Wm. Green, Burwings, Colorado.

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